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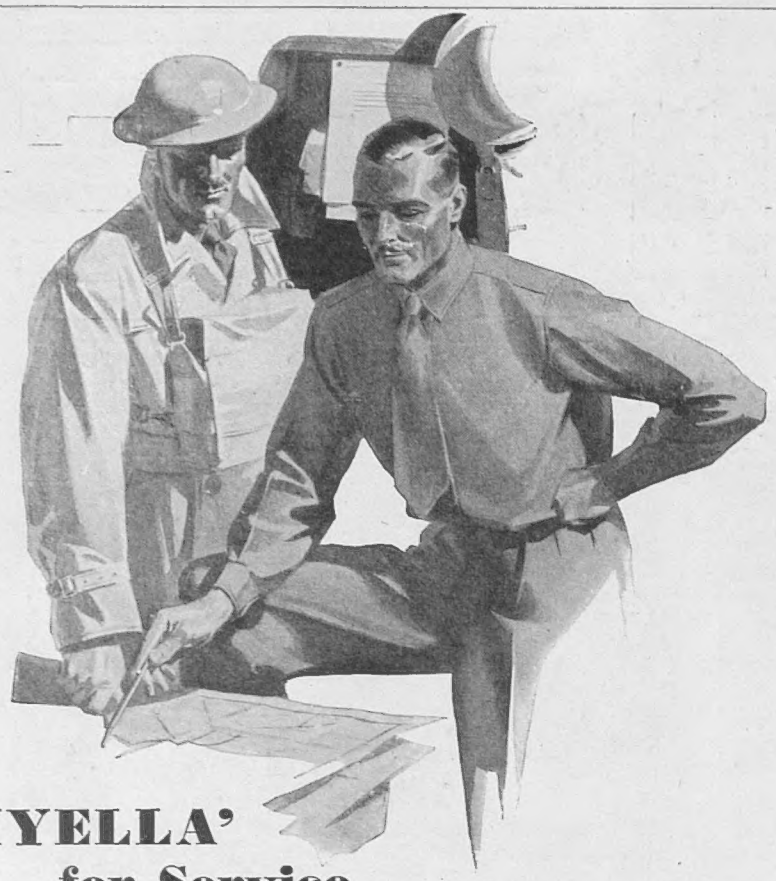

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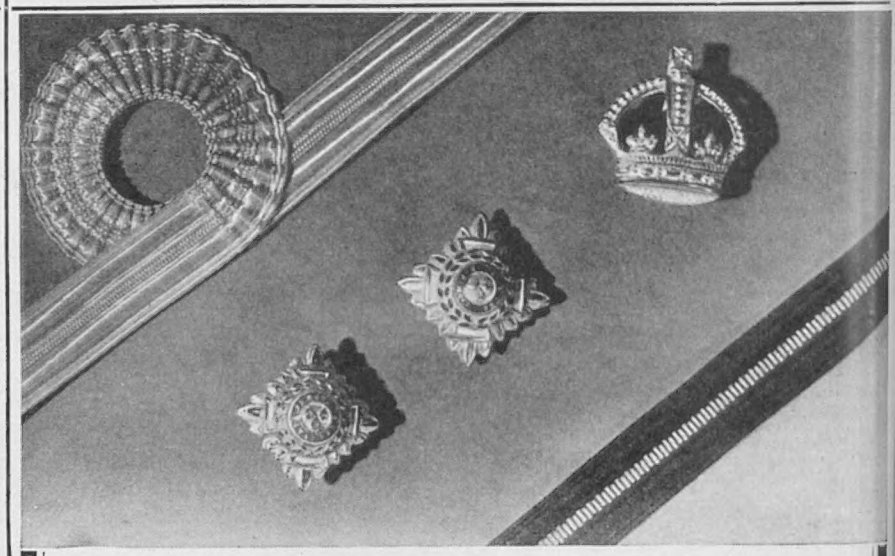

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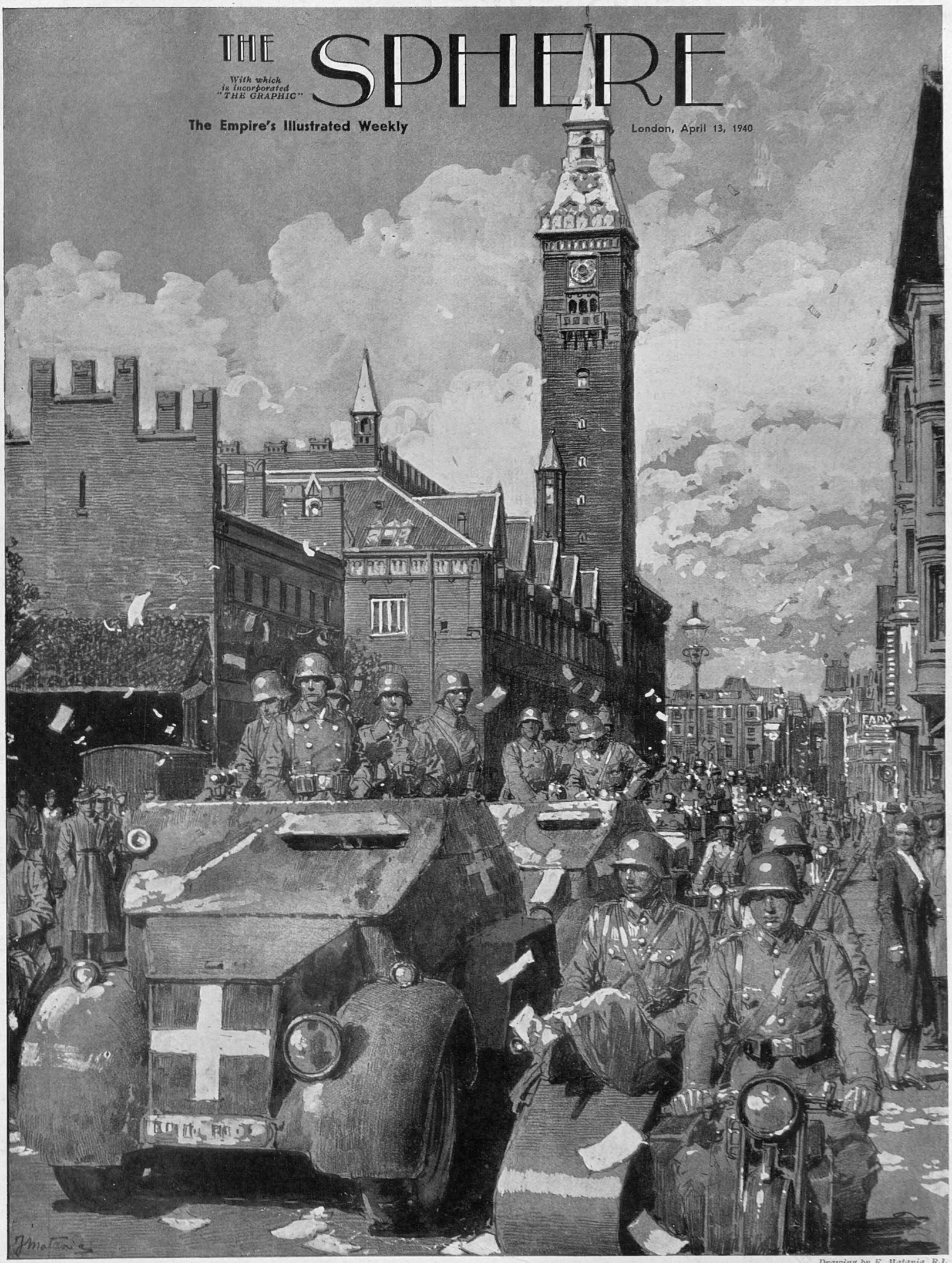

Drawing by F. Matania, R.I.

GERMANY ENTERS DENMARK'S CAPITAL—TUESDAY, APRIL 9

The Scene in Front of Copenhagen's Town Hall As the Germans Marched In

The invasion of Denmark by a huge force of the German war machine began at 4.30 a.m. on Tuesday morning from near Flensburg on the South Jutland frontier. An hour later German troops were disembarking at Copenhagen from German warships. The last message before the lines were cut stated that "complete German occupation of all Denmark was expected before dusk this evening, so quickly did the Nazi legions swarm over the country secretly relinquished by the Danish Government in the face of the German demands. Denmark's soil was invaded at seven different points besides the capital. Transports entered Copenhagen. The steel-helmeted legions disembarked at the foot of the city's favourite promenade, Langielinie, spread up the main street and fanned out into the narrow off-streets"

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. XXXII

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

GOVERNMENT RESHUFFLE —LORD TWEEDSMUIR'S SUCCESSOR.

—Plenty of news of personalities. Lord Athlone was the obvious choice for Lord Tweedsmuir's successor. He (and Princess Alice) made a great success in South Africa, where he remained for seven years, and he has once before actually been nominated Governor-General of Canada—in 1914 when he was only forty years old. The Great War cancelled the appointment and Lord Athlone served in the Army. Canada will extend a warm welcome to a Royal couple who are the best and obviously first choice for a vitally important post in war-time. And then the Government re-shuffle! I do not see how it can please a majority or evade the criticism that it is a game of musical chairs, which may be smiled on in peace-time but cannot be justified to-day. One change in particular will disturb and even infuriate a majority of the nation, whatever their political label. In the reshuffle a vitally important department is handed out to a Minister who has done a lot of good work but has consistently lost reputation as a statesman for times of grave danger, as a statesman imbued with the fighting spirit. Lord Chatfield is a grave loss. Lord Woolton is probably a source of added strength. He should know all there is to know of the meat of his new job and the parliamentary frills are soon acquired. The reshuffle comprises eleven changes and I have not the wish to go into them. The nation is solid enough, it has put aside for the duration selfish and personal and party aims. But its solidarity can only be evidenced to the world by its Government. And it seems that the politicians are our Bourbons. They forget nothing and learn nothing. Party tactics still direct the patriotism of every party. Turn back the pages of history and drop a tear.

WE STAND BY THE PREMIER.

—We stand by the Premier. We believe in him, in Lord Halifax, in Mr. Churchill, who will make a fine thing of his new responsibility. We know, too, that the Government contains good men who have done good work, and will continue in that way. But we are very conscious of weak spots, and we believe that all weak spots should be ruthlessly cut out, and that no (even subconscious) adherence to the old shibboleths of party strategy should to-day keep weak men in as a reward for past service to a party, or good men out for party-political considerations. If Socialists of first-rate ability refuse to co-operate in leading this country in time of war, that is not the Premier's fault, and it is their funeral. But keeping weak men in is another matter. *That is* in the Premier's discretion. Mr. Chamberlain is ten times more confident of victory than he was in September, 1939. I take it that the nation in its ignorance is, and has always been, as confident of ultimate victory, as certain of the impossibility of our being beaten by the Germans, as to-day in his knowledge is the Premier. And I dare to say it is well for us that in the past months we were in ignorance. Ignorance is often bliss.

WHO WOULD BE HITLER?

—Recent events, actions, speeches by statesmen and dictators, decisions announced, and world opinion sifted, have all induced in us a temporary access, not of optimism but of sober, reasoned confidence in the ultimate issue. No one would in sanity choose to be the leader in modern war of any nation, combatant or neutral. Best by far to be Mr. Chamberlain or M. Reynaud. But their lots are bitter hard. Hardest for them, I think, of all their nice calculations is how to satisfy their publics that they are wresting the initiative in total warfare from Hitler without lightening the burden of Hitler's intolerable dilemma. For him, to do nothing on land is to lose his following; to pin his armies down to a big adventure is an almost impossible decision. To butt his head against the Western Wall is to assure a wholesale slaughter of Germans whatever the moderate advances made. To adventure, even diplomatically, by his usual methods of force into the Balkans, Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, is to take much more than a fair war risk of enlarging his front and at long last rallying some of the neutral fence-sitters. For either decision he knows that a very strong faction of his Army leaders would be against him. Turn where he will, there is a fatal objection to any plan whether of activity or passivity, an appalling risk in any decision. That Germany is awakening a little to what Hitler's dilemma means to him and to them is at last becoming more patent to the man in the street in Britain. The peace kites are indeed more solid than mere tissue paper. The difficulty is not to decide of their genuineness, but to assess the value of the backing and authority behind them. Hitler for some time has stood in our eyes a tragic figure of a man cornered, a balloon with a widening puncture. To-day we know that an important section of the German people see him in the same tragic condition. The truth need turn none of us into optimists, there is no cause yet to holloa. A desperate man must take desperate action. His vast war machine is untouched. His evil mind can conceive worse horrors still. But whatever action he decide to take, that action is *desperate*. It lacks all hope of ultimate success. That may afford us comfort and faith at least. The darkest part of the tunnel may be before us, but we can see the dim light at the end of it. Hitler has the jitters and Hell must be Elysium compared with his Hell.

THE NEW AIR MINISTER IS A PRACTICAL FLYING MAN: Sir Samuel Hoare, who has succeeded Sir Kingsley Wood, seen in flying kit, ready for a flight. The new Air Minister has always shown a lively interest in the development of Aviation and in 1927 was awarded the G.B.E. for the first civil flight to India and is the Hon. Air Commodore of the 604th Squadron Auxiliary Air Force. He became Secretary of State for Air in 1922-24 and from 1924 to 1929 occupied that post with a seat in the Cabinet. He has also published a book on his trip to India by air

TROUSERS MAY BE WORN—IN ENGLAND, BUT *NOT* IN FRANCE: This picture was taken in London's Hyde Park last week-end. But though trousers are worn by thousands of young women in England—they could not wear them in France. All those young ladies who cross to France to entertain the R.A.F. and Army under the E.N.S.A. scheme have been warned that if they appear in public wearing trousers they are liable to be arrested as spies or subjected to adverse and uncomplimentary criticism. Especially in rural areas, women in trousers in France are heartily disliked and consequently derided

WAR AND PEACE.

—Every day now, as the lovely spring unfolds, we speak of and prepare for "total war" and all the horror and futility which it implies. We prepare, as we must, and while we prepare voices in our midst speak of peace. Nations in war must be like sheep, some more so and some less so, according to the national character and form of government. The peacemakers are soundly trounced from the front benches, and the press and the public take their cues from the prompters. That, too, is inevitable and right, but the "righteous anger" of our leaders may be exaggerated in our minds. We have at the head men who loathe war as bitterly as the most ardent pacifist, who lack nothing of humanity which the most frenzied humanitarian possesses. What would not our leaders give to have to-day a chance to snatch at a just peace which would fulfil the conditions for which we took up arms and save the holocaust of youth and treasure? And are they quite without hope that such conditions might not be fulfilled, the worst bestialities avoided and a long war prevented? Clearly they are not. The whole conduct of the war hitherto proves it. There are things going on in Germany which leak out. There are more peace proposals afoot in Germany than leak out prematurely to publicity and dissipation. There are grounds—faint yet, but not to be disregarded—that, if his face could be saved, Hitler might yet eat his words and make his submission, and if he once did so, then unquestionably the German people themselves would do the rest that is necessary to secure that which Europe asks and which it must have. How tremendous, then, is Mr. Roosevelt's responsibility. How vital was the commendable silence of Mr. Sumner Welles. If, at a fit moment in the not-distant future, he chose his juncture to summon to a conference, while yet the war continued, representatives of all the belligerents, it is by no means certain that any would refuse the invitation; it is by no means certain that at the table Hitler would hold out against the condition of a redemarcation of the territories of a free Czechoslovakia and Poland by an international commission. Modern war has taught lessons already to all belligerents—it has taught our Government and the French the utter madness of a peace of revenge—and the Nazis have learned already terrible lessons which older governments only learned in recent decades—the supreme lesson, included, of the utter futility of war as a weapon in whatever cause. And if at the table that submission were made, there are no lacking grounds of possibility that the rest of the conditions precedent to a cessation of hostilities and to a lasting peace might not follow with startling rapidity without action by Allies or neutrals. The truth is slowly emerging,

a tremendous reaction and awakening is coming nearer. We must forge every weapon possible for total war but it is not utterly impossible that the final horror may yet be averted and the peace, just to the last detail, attained without a hecatomb of human sacrifice.

REVENUE.—Well may the Chancellor be pleased and the country proud of the buoyancy of the National revenue. In Mr. Chamberlain's fifth budget, "safety before comfort," he spoke of the "astonishing surplus of £2,291,000, despite the fact that he had had to find £14,000,000 extra for supply services, a really wonderful demonstration of the buoyancy of our finance." Sir John will present a still more incredible proof. His revenue forecast is actually exceeded by £54,000,000, a figure which was the bones and beak of a normal budget within living memory. To such heights or depths has taxation gone since the boyhood of living men. The country's taxed resources have produced £1,050,000,000. Moreover, we have spent £125,000,000 less than was forecast, so that the difference to be made up by borrowing is reduced by £180,000,000. And for the moment we are in funds, quite satisfactorily. Apart from this buoyancy of revenue, the estimates made were very close and nice. One does not "pay one's way" in war-time, but, giving posterity its share of the burden in a war which is to give posterity a chance to live, it is clear that we are not yet burning our beds to keep our fires going. Reduced taxation for 1941? Well, we musn't expect the impossible.

SIR JOHN GILMOUR.—The County of Fife, which has produced some valuable citizens, is the poorer by the deaths recently of two of its notable sons, Lord Crawford and Sir John Gilmour. The latter was the son of the 1st Baronet of Montrave, Leven, and he had a very varied career. He fought with distinction in two wars (South Africa and the Great War), he was Master of the Fife Hounds, a Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, a director of railway companies, Rector of Edinburgh University, and holder of many Government portfolios. He was a great Secretary for Scotland, the first to hold that office since its discontinuance after the '45. Later he was Minister of Agriculture and Home Secretary and he died in harness, comparatively young, as Minister of Shipping in the third war in which he had given his best service. His life was a fine example of service and the sense of responsibility which has so often actuated the lives of his kind.

ROEDEER.—If there is one wild creature which I love above all others, it is the indigenous roedeer, once common all over these islands; then (about 1700) mainly restricted to the wild spaces in Scotland and the north and west. The roe had died out in one of its most famous habitats near London—Wolmer Forest—in the eighteenth century and was reintroduced there. They have never died out since and in recent years have increased, to become a menace to farmers and an anxiety to foxhunters. Now in war-time, when all forms of food-takers are a problem, every man's hand will be against these pretty creatures. I deplore it, but I know that they must be kept down. Last week, a bunch of three does devastated my garden in a couple of hours and destroyed many rows of strawberry plants, many planted vegetables and currant bushes and half the promise of an herbaceous border. Next evening, when I was half-dressed for dinner, they were spied again, as bold as brass finishing the work of destruction below my lawn. I hurried down, in slippers and *déshabillé*, pulled out my gun (laid up for the summer) and sallied out. With infinitely more sorrow than pride, I bagged a right and left, and now we have offals (at last) and haunches galore. Properly cooked and well hung, roedeer even at this season are quite excellent to eat. A good way is to stew them with some cheap "wine of the country" thrown in.

CREDULITY.—"Every schoolboy knows" where to go for the best results in his April Fool campaign. His most fruitful field is the land of records, the land of freedom, the land where it is always the last word and the Dark Ages. The land of Alpha and Omega—America. Those United States, so modern, so slick and up-to-date, so benighted. The land that voted the earth was flat and feels no doubt it is the only state in civilisation which can settle the problems of the Old World coolly and statesmanly and for keeps. The land of "swell dames" and witches, of witch doctors and "tough guys," and dear old ladies who sit sewing and cursing Hitler in expectation of killing him. "Did I tell you or *did* I" of the Philadelphia "hoax" on the radio for the season of all fools? O.K. At the end of a broadcast the announcer solemnly read out a statement to the effect that at three o'clock in the coming day the world would end. You'd be surprised. The citizens of Philadelphia took it as gospel. Some 4,000 put through calls to the Municipal Information Bureau (for details as to their journey?). Thousands sat up, feeling that they could fairly face Eternity more warmly clad than in "slumber-wear." (For they are optimists in Philadelphia.) And the stunt merchant was horrified by the success of his hoax. Yet not much more than a year ago America was fooled by just such another absurdity. Truly the radio has made nit-wits of us all, but the Americans first every time. People are much more modern in Styria and Central Mexico and the unknown parts of Africa.

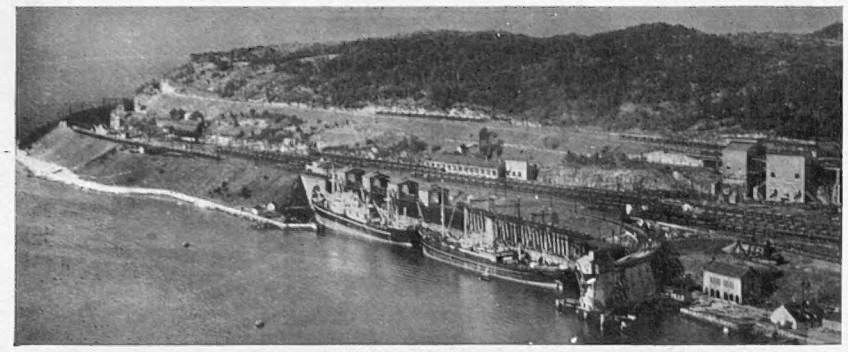
THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN HER ST. JOHN'S UNIFORM: The Duchess has just paid a visit to Dingley Hall at Market Harborough—one of the finest residences in the Shires—which is now a training home for nurses, the second of its kind in the country. Would-be nurses are sent to these "boarding schools" for a fortnight's intensive training. Dingley Hall was lent for this purpose by Mr. Bertram Currie, who bought it from Lord Beattie. During her visit the Duchess of Kent wore the uniform of Lady Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade in Wales

YOUR WAXEN MAN.—"What have you done with your waxen man, Sister Helen?" The answer was that she had stuck a pin through its heart in the hope that the original of the work of art would suffer a like fate. For that was a mediæval superstition (still current of course in America). The other day many startled, sympathetic passers-by saw the well-loved and well-known figure of Mr. Montagu Norman (Life? Governor of the Bank of England) roll down the main steps of the Old Lady's house. When they ran to pick him up they found it was a Mr. Norman in wax and false hair. But very life-like, even in collapse. A Mr. Bowden, now in jug but still a firm believer in social credit, did this impious thing, conveyed his waxen man in a taxi to Threadneedle Street and hurled it, fully dressed, down the steps aforesaid, to await "in trembling hope" and in gaol the fulfilment of his curse upon his victim and original. Mr. Norman must take comfort. There are few men who have effigies of themselves raised to them in their life-time. Only the very great, the very notorious. And social credit does not and will not come in on the wings of such methods.

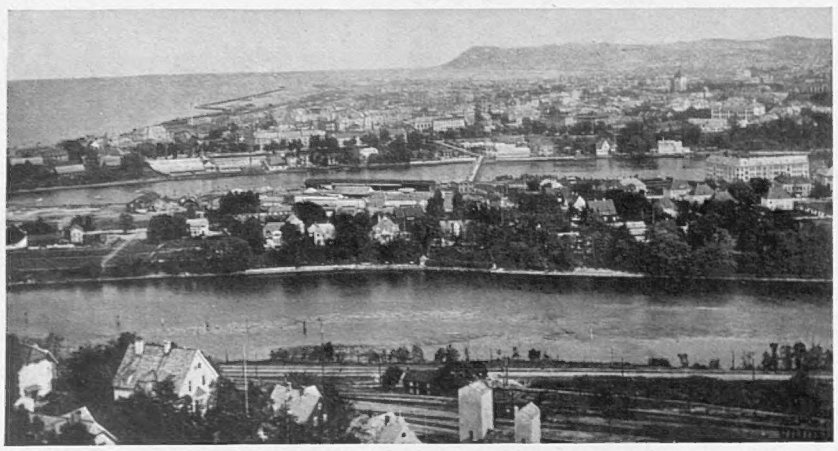
THE OLD STAGER

THE FRENCH BLOCKADE MINISTER COMES TO LONDON: M. Monnet has come to England for conferences with Mr. Ronald Cross, the British Minister of Economic Warfare, on methods for the tightening of the blockade against Germany. Above, M. Monnet (on right) is seen just after his arrival by air, with M. Paul Morand, the noted author, who is attached to the French Mission now working in England

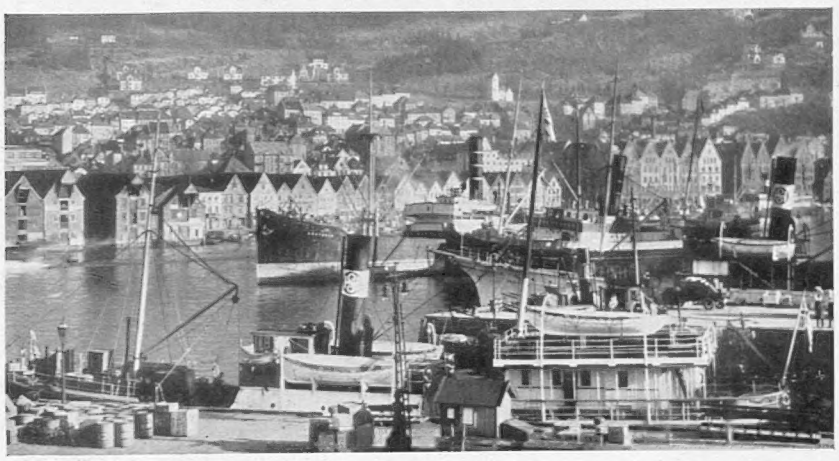
A FAREWELL DINNER TO SIR THOMAS BEECHAM: Given to him by his orchestra at Pagani's Restaurant prior to his departure on a farewell tour of Australia, the United States and Canada. In a speech Sir Thomas said that he was going as the apostle of peace and amiability. He will conduct a few concerts, but is also booked for a series of lectures on art, culture and "a few other items"



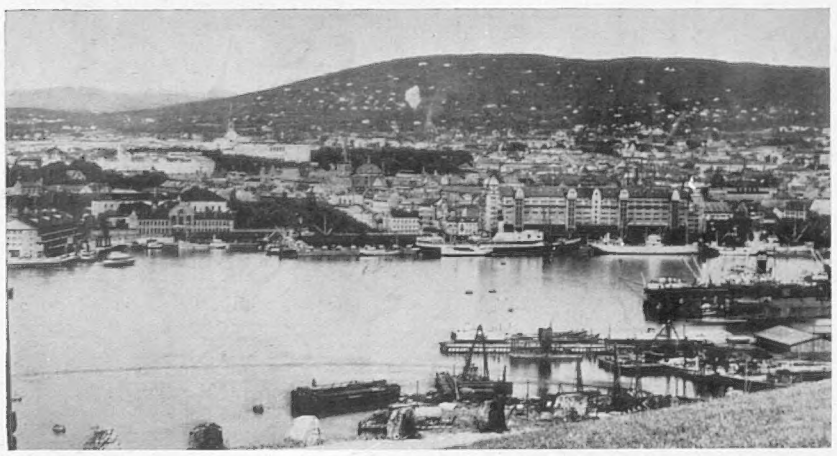
NARVIK: THE NORTHERLY IRON-ORE PORT OF NORWAY OCCUPIED BY THE GERMANS. THE VIEW SHOWS THE RAILWAY BY THE STEAMSHIP BERTHS



TRONDHEIM: ALSO OCCUPIED BY GERMAN FORCES ON TUESDAY. HAS WOOD PULP, TOBACCO FACTORIES AND SAW MILLS



BERGEN: THE BUSY PORT AND RAIL CONNECTION WITH OSLO WAS ALSO SWOOPED UPON BY GERMAN VESSELS ON TUESDAY



OSLO: NORWAY'S CAPITAL (ONCE KRISTIANIA) WAS OCCUPIED AFTER A BRIEF BUT SPIRITED DEFENCE. THE HARBOUR IS WELL SUPPLIED WITH QUAYS

NORWAY

March 1.—Germany made a guarantee to Norway that none of her merchant ships would be sunk without warning—all to be examined before attack, except those in British convoy.

March 21.—German ship, filled with Swedish ore, from Narvik, sunk by British submarine 8 miles off Denmark.

March 26.—Germany accused Allies of having violated Danish neutrality hoping to involve the neutrals in war.

March 28.—Norway and Sweden warned by Germany that if they submitted to the Allies they must expect to bear the inevitable consequences.

March 29.—Norway interned Nazi submarine *U 21* and her crew found in Norwegian waters. Germans reduced to carrying Swedish ore in small, unsuitable vessels.

March 30.—Mr. Churchill broadcast—mentioning the neutrals as victims of Hitler's murderous deeds.

March 31.—German bombing planes flew up and down Norwegian coast and repeatedly over Bergen, Kristiansand, and other coastal towns.

April 1.—Norwegian Parliament met in secret session to discuss the passage of Swedish ore to Germany via Narvik.

April 4.—Germany cancelled all consignments of iron ore via Narvik. Germany had gathered at Baltic ports fleet of flat-bottomed boats and 400,000 men were under arms and ready to embark.

April 5.—Allied Note to Norway and Sweden stating that the two countries, owing to threats or pressure from Germany could no longer be regarded as free organs.

COPENHAGEN: THE PICTURESQUE CAPITAL OF THE DANES, SO WELL KNOWN TO TOURISTS, WAS OCCUPIED AT DAWN ON TUESDAY. THE GERMAN INVADERS CAME FROM THE SOUTH AND MET WITH NO RESISTANCE

LAALAND: DENMARK'S ISLAND WEALTH IS VERY GREAT. HERE ARE TYPICAL VILLAGES AND WATERWAYS AT SAXKOBING, OPPOSITE KIEL

GERMANY'S SWOOP ON SCANDINAVIA:

The Invasion of Norway and Denmark on April 9

April 6.—Professor Koht, Norwegian Foreign Minister, warned belligerents that the blockade might force her into war. Ribbentrop informed Swedish and Norwegian ministers that Germany could not allow any attempt of Allies to interfere with German trade.

April 7.—Norwegian steamer *Navarra* torpedoed by Germans.

April 8.—Norwegian Seamen's Union protest against sinking of *Navarra*. Two German ships torpedoed off south coast of Norway, *Rio de Janeiro* carrying troops (all men in uniform) and horses. Allied forces laid mines in Norwegian waters to prevent German ships using territorial waters to escape capture.

April 9.—At 5 a.m. Germany demanded that the whole government of Norway should be handed over to them. Norway refused to submit to this demand. German forces invaded Norway and occupied Oslo, Kristiansand and Bergen. The Oslo Government retired to Hamar after ordering evacuation of the capital. British and French Governments announced full aid to Norway.

DENMARK

March 8.—Denmark feeling the war strain. Rationed in various ways, many imported goods unobtainable.

March 24.—The British submarine gave the German steamer *Heddernheim* fifteen minutes to remove to their boats, while the Nazis sank five Danish ships without warning.

March 25.—Danish fishermen along the coast busy picking up coke from German ship *Ostpreussen* which became a wreck.

March 29.—Germany threatened that British merchant ships should not be allowed into Danish ports.

March 31.—German bombing planes over Denmark.

April 3.—Trade agreement arranged between Britain and Denmark, much welcomed by Danish farmers.

April 8.—Cabinet sat in conference—general situation regarded with some alarm. German vessels going through Great Belt.

April 9.—Denmark invaded at 4.30 a.m. and occupied by German troops.

HOW DENMARK WAS OVERWHELMED ON TUESDAY FROM NORTH GERMAN PORTS

Jutland was entered near Flensburg. The other seven points were reached by sea from Kiel, Warnemuende, and other ports

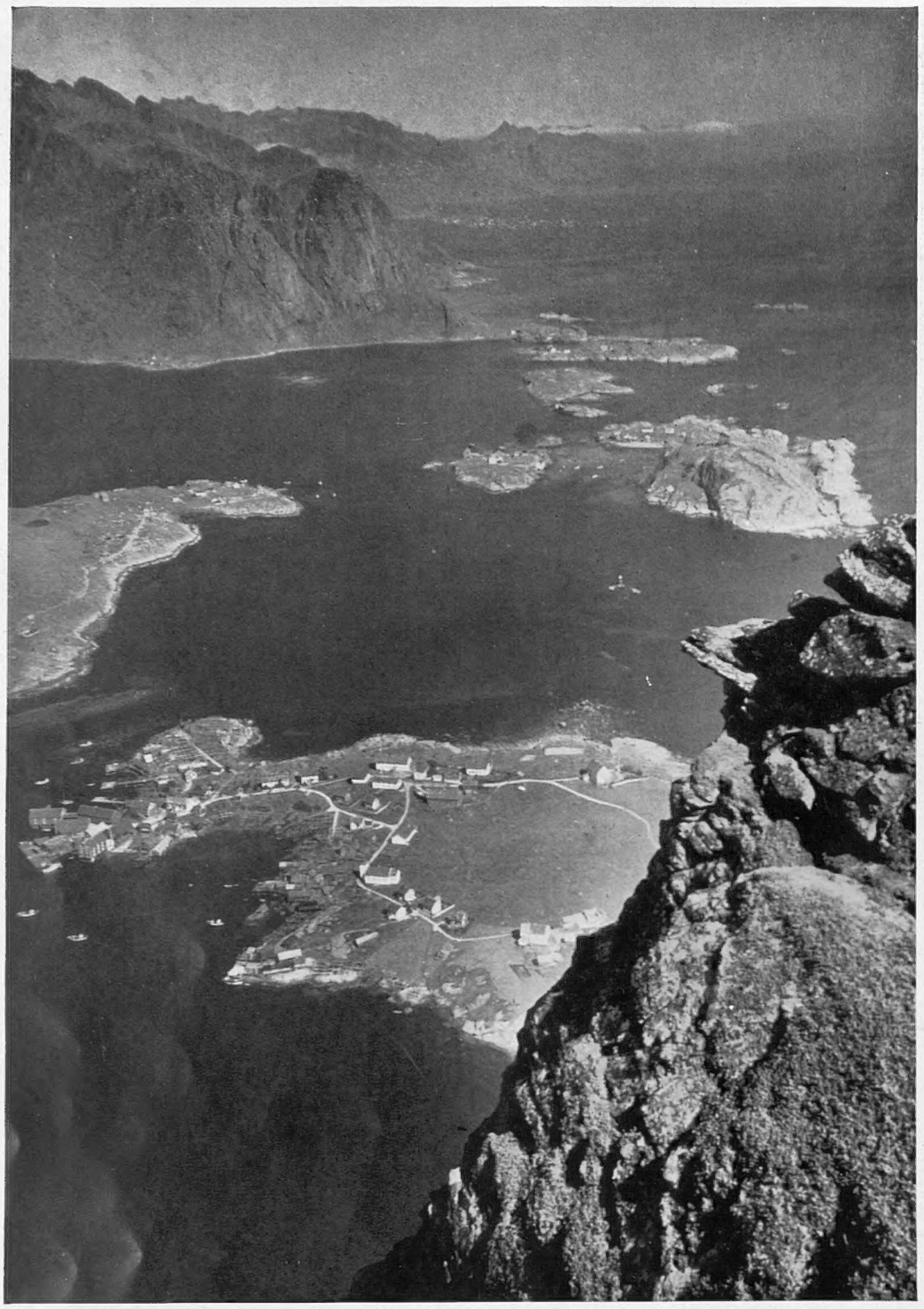
Specially drawn for THE SPHERE *by E. G. Lambert*

THE LATEST ONSLAUGHT OF GERMANY UPON HER LITTLE NEIGHBOURS SHOWN IN GEOGRAPHIC FORM

Although rumours had come through from various correspondents that Germany was massing 400,000 men and ships at North German ports, there was a lull just before the launching of Germany's predatory war machine upon its latest fell adventure. The news broke on the world on Tuesday morning when it was learned that an almost simultaneous advance had been made against Norway and Denmark. The latter country offered no resistance, the whole area being swept over by motorised forces in one day. Resistance was however offered by Norway, in spite of her small army, the batteries on the Oslo Gulf opening fire on German warships. A number of points were occupied by comparatively small German forces at Norwegian ports, as indicated on this special pictorial record

WHY GERMANY HAS IN

The Ice-free Port of Narvik, the Territorial Water

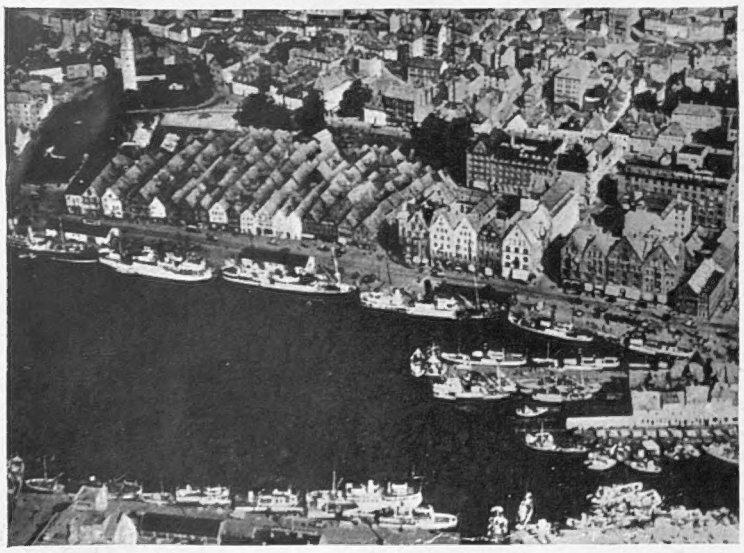


A VIEW OF THE LOFOTEN ISLANDS, LYING OFF THE PORT OF NARVIK, TO THE SOUTH OF WHICH BRITAIN HAS SOWN A MINEFIELD AND THUS CUT OFF THE ROUTE OF THE GERMAN ORE SHIPS

A TRAIN STANDING IN THE STATION AT NARVIK, WHERE THERE IS AN ELABORATE NETWORK OF LINES AND SIDINGS

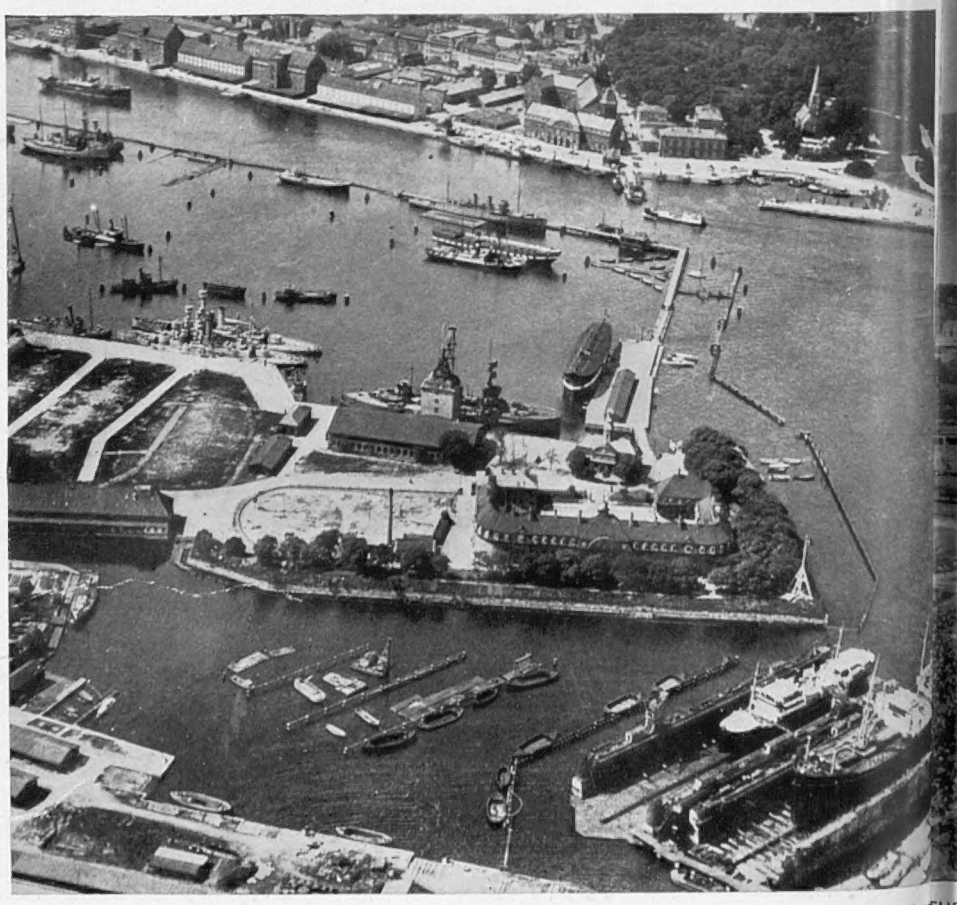
THROUGH THE BARREN ICE-BOUND COUNTRY OF NORWAY RUNS THE LAPLAND RAILWAY FROM THE GELLIVARE MINES TO NARVIK

THE LINE AT RIKSGRANSEN STATION, WHERE IT CROSSES INTO SWEDEN, WHICH IT TRAVERSES FROM EAST TO WEST



THE NORWEGIAN PORT OF BERGEN, ONE OF THE THREE NEUTRAL PORTS REPORTED OCCUPIED BY "OVERWHELMING FORCES" OF GERMANS ON THE MORNING OF THE 9TH

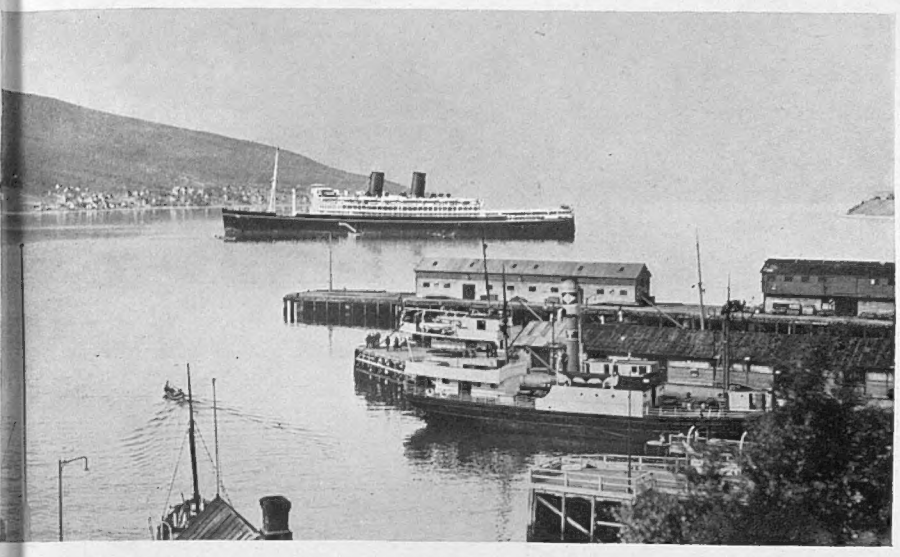
The determination of the British Government to carry out the most stringent blockade of Germany is directly responsible for Germany's latest desperate step. The pictures on this page show the real crux of the whole Scandinavian question. The port of Narvik and the coastwise route of the German ore ships are essential if Germany is to survive; and Britain has at last decided to sever the lifeline. In 1938, Germany and her conquered territories imported over 22,000,000 tons of iron ore, of which nearly half came through Sweden. For the other half, since all other sources are denied her, she depended on Narvik. The action of the Navy in laying three minefields to cut the lines of communication has resulted in Germany's latest action. And now, of course, despite her invasion of Norway—and even if she captures Narvik itself—she will still have to face the British Navy on the southward run with her ill-gotten gains



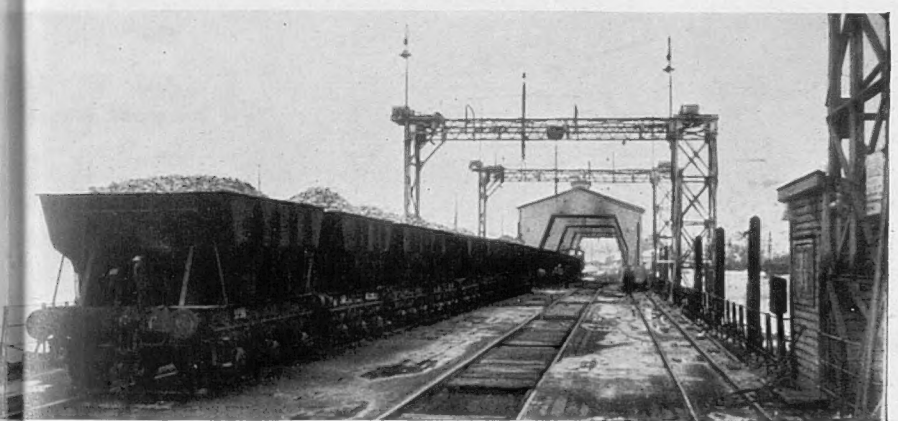
COPENHAGEN—A VIEW OF THE NAVAL HARBOUR NOW OCCUPIED BY GERMAN FORCES "TO PREVENT A POSSIBLE HOSTILE ATTACK AGAINST THIS COUNTRY." DENMARK HAD PRACTICALLY NO MEANS OF DEFENCE AGAINST AN AGGRESSOR

ADED SCANDINAVIA AND DENMARK

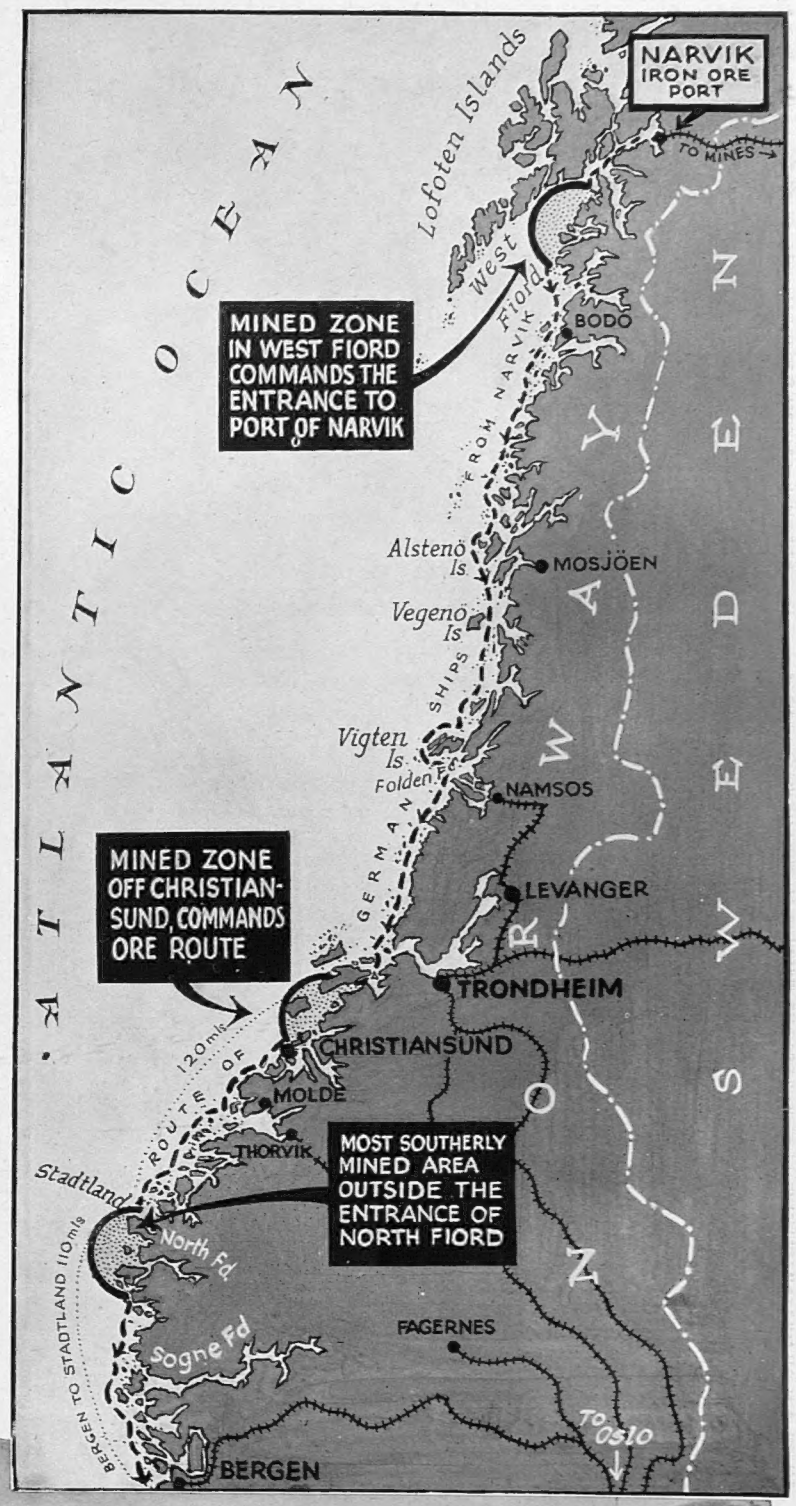
of Norway and Britain's Minefields Threatening Germany's Ore Route



ALWAYS FREE FROM ICE, AND WITH GOOD ANCHORAGES FOR DEEP-SEA VESSELS—THE PORT OF NARVIK WHENCE THE SHIPMENTS OF ORE PASS ALONG THE LAPLAND RAILWAY FROM THE GELLIVARE MINES AND THEN THROUGH NORWEGIAN WATERS



A TRAIN LADEN WITH IRON ORE ON THE LANDING QUAY AT NARVIK. THE PORT CAN COPE WITH UP TO 7,000,000 TONS OF ORE A YEAR



On right—THE POSITION BEFORE THE INVASION OF SCANDINAVIA BY GERMANY: Germany's desperate need for iron ore is the reason for her latest desperate step of invasion of the two neutral countries of Norway and Denmark. The map given here shows (1) the route pursued by her iron ore fleet from Narvik, through Norwegian territorial waters; and (2) the measures taken by the British Navy to counteract Germany's flagrant violations of International Law. By laying minefields at three strategic positions—off Narvik itself (where the Lofotens form a natural barrier to the north and west), off Christiansund, and off the North Fiord—the ore route is completely controlled. The principal source of contraband supply to Germany was thus at one fell swoop cut off

THE REASON FOR GERMANY'S INVASION OF NORWAY—THE PORT OF NARVIK, TERMINUS OF THE LAPLAND RAILWAY. WITHOUT THE HUGE SHIPMENTS OF ORE FROM THIS PORT (RUNNING INTO MILLIONS OF TONS EACH YEAR) GERMANY'S AGGRESSIVE MOVEMENTS WOULD WEAKEN AND ULTIMATELY COLLAPSE. NARVIK ITSELF HAS BECOME OF RECENT YEARS A MOST MODERN AND UP-TO-DATE TOWN AND HARBOUR

THE AMBASSADORS CALL AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE, TUESDAY, APRIL 9

MR. ERIK COLBAN, NORWEGIAN MINISTER IN LONDON SINCE 1934

MR. BJORN PRYTZ, SWEDISH MINISTER IN LONDON SINCE 1938

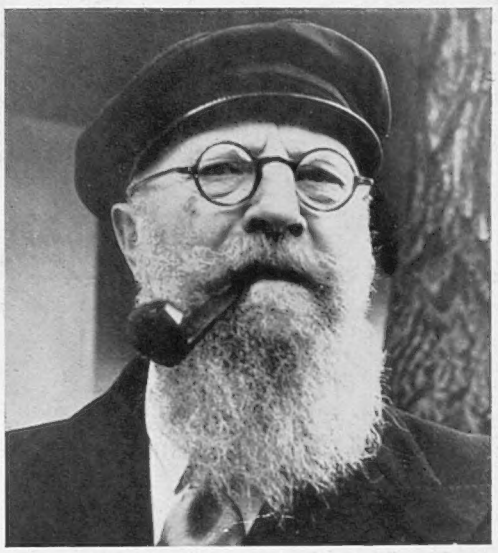
COUNT EDUARD REVENTLOW, DANISH MINISTER IN LONDON SINCE 1938

M. ANDRE CHARLES CORBIN, FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO LONDON SINCE 1933

AFTER THE INVASION

Personalities in the Scandinavian Crisis

THE KING WITHOUT A COUNTRY—KING CHRISTIAN OF DENMARK, MOST DEMOCRATIC OF EUROPEAN MONARCHS, TAKING HIS USUAL EARLY MORNING RIDE



THE PREMIER WHO DISARMED HIS COUNTRY—TH. A. M. STAUNING, PRIME MINISTER OF DENMARK, RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS COUNTRY'S VIRTUAL DISARMAMENT SOME YEARS AGO

BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER LEAVES DOWNING STREET TO ADDRESS THE HOUSE OF COMMONS ON TUESDAY AFTERNOON

THE ONLY SMILING FACE!—MR. JOSEPH KENNEDY, U.S. AMBASSADOR TO LONDON

MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN, U.S. MINISTER TO NORWAY, THROUGH WHOM THE WORLD FIRST LEARNT OF THE GERMAN INVASION OF NORWAY

HOW LONDON LEARNT THE NEWS OF THE DOUBLE INVASION OF NORWAY AND DENMARK: THREE TYPICAL EVENING NEWSPAPER POSTERS ON TUESDAY LAST

NORWEGIANS IN LONDON READ THE NEWS—SAILORS OUTSIDE THE SEAMEN'S MISSION IN ROTHERHITHE

FRANCE'S PRIME MINISTER COMES TO LONDON FOR THE CONFERENCE FOLLOWING NEWS OF THE INVASION OF DENMARK AND NORWAY

THE MAKING of a BIG GUN

How the Navy is Supplied With Its Mighty Weapons of Offence

FROM THE HEART OF A GREAT CRUCIBLE COMES THE INGOT WHICH WILL BE FORGED INTO THE MAIN COMPONENT OF A GREAT GUN

From the crucible comes the molten stream of steel which forms the huge steel ingot which will ultimately form the main tube of a great gun. The acid Open Hearth process ensures purity

THE chief problem facing a manufacturer of big guns is the obvious one of supplying his customers with weapons which will hit their enemies at ranges beyond which their enemies can hit back.

In order to propel a shell farther than heretofore, a greater propellant force must be let off behind it. Since the only known effective propellants are explosives (as opposed, for instance, to springs or compressed air, which are not effective), guns which will fire farther must be made stronger —or they will burst. The easiest way to make a gun barrel stronger is to make it thicker; but thickness adds weight; and a weightier gun needs more power, of men or machinery, to handle and transport. At sea it needs a bigger ship to carry it, and a consequently larger crew; on land it needs a stouter concrete emplacement and firmer roads or railways to carry it into position.

Furthermore, some years ago the discovery was made that, if pressure is put on the inside of a cylinder, the resulting stresses are greatest on the interior surface and diminish towards the outer surface; therefore, in a gun made of one solid piece of metal, the outer parts of the barrel do not do their full share of the work of resisting the stresses set up by the propellant explosion. So the problem arises how to ensure that the piece of metal in the gun barrel is doing its full share of work.

A hint of this problem's solution lies in the mention of a "gun made of one solid piece of metal." How this hint was taken advantage of by inventors will be expressed by stating another discovery about the behaviour of matter, namely, that sudden stresses applied to metal—as when a gun is fired—can be partly counteracted by the metal's being in a state of compression when the stress is applied. A similar state of affairs can be seen every day in motor tyres; when these are blown up hard—that is, when they are in a state of compression—their resistance to bumps in the road is greater than when they are slack. So the gunsmiths got the idea of forcing the inner parts of the gun barrels into a state of compression by pressure from the outer parts.

This compression is achieved by making the barrel out of a series of cylinders, one inside the other. These cylinders not only form a close fit round each other: they do more than that; the inner diameters of the outer cylinders are smaller than the outer diameters of the inner cylinders. This seemingly impossible pouring of a quart into a pint-pot is achieved by shrinking the inner cylinder by making it cold, and stretching the outer one by heating it. Then the outer may be slipped over the inner as smoothly as a warmed finger-stall over a chilblained finger. When both outer and inner cylinders (or "tubes" as they are technically called) resume a normal temperature, the outer one grips the inner so closely that it compresses it.

With the exception of a few minor components made of bronze gun-metal, all the tubes and other parts of a gun are fashioned from varying grades of steel, which conform in their chemical composition and physical properties to laid-down specifications. For the more important tubes a high grade alloy steel is used; the chief thing about this alloy is its high "yield point" which ensures its elasticity. The British naval and military authorities require the steel to be made by the "acid open-hearth process," which ensures the purity of its ingredients—nickel, tungsten, chromium, molybdenum, and the like.

When thoroughly mixed in its molten state, the steel is poured into a mould, which tapers towards the bottom for ease of withdrawal; there the metal cools and hardens into an ingot. A certain amount of unusable metal occurs at the bottom of the mould, and a larger amount at the top; this is discarded. For one of the bigger gun-tubes the ingot may stand 10 ft. or 12 ft. high and weigh more than 100 tons.

The transformation of this rough bulk of metal into a long and slender tube is carried out firstly by a series of forging processes, followed by a series of machining processes. By the initial process of shaping, the ingot is drawn into a longer and thinner form, known as a "billet." Either before or after this process, the core of the ingot or billet is trepanned out to give it its first rough tube-like shape.

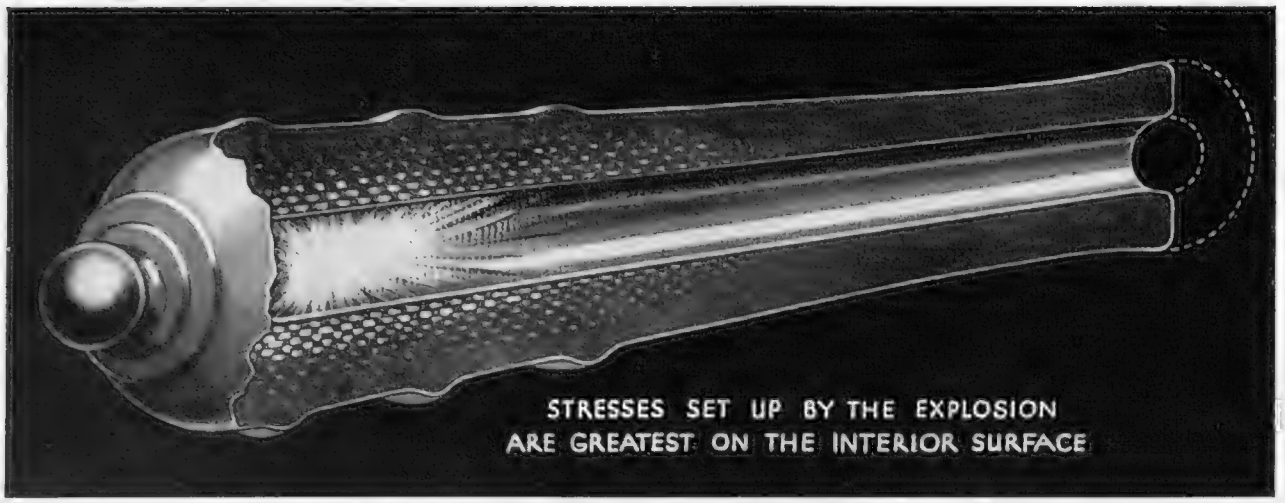
Now the billet is heated again and a "mandrel," or cylindrical rod, is passed through its bore; then the whole thing is slung on a chain into a hydraulic press to be hammered into a tube of the required length and thickness. In order to allow the full length of the white-hot billet to come under the press the rear end of the mandrel is weighted with counter-weights, so that the point of balance where the chain takes the weight is behind the parts to be worked on. The mandrel is prevented from adhering to the hot billet by water-cooling. By forging under the hydraulic press the length of the piece of steel may be increased five times, and its diameter may be halved.

After the "forging," as the material is now called, has cooled once more, it is carried to a cutting-table or lathe to be rough machined; then it is passed again into a furnace for annealing, that is removing the stresses acquired during the forging process. The next process is to harden the metal by heating it to the required temperature and then dropping it into an oil well. After that follows tempering; and finally pieces are cut from the ends to be tested in machines which record their bending potentialities and breaking-points. If these tests give satisfactory verdicts, the tube

(Continued on next page)

THE APPROXIMATE SHAPE OF A BIG GUN INGOT

For one of the bigger gun tubes the ingot may stand from 10 to 12 ft. high and weigh more than 100 tons. It tapers like this for convenience in withdrawing from the mould



THE EARLY GUN MAKERS DISCOVERED WHERE THE INTERNAL STRESSES WERE GREATEST IN A GUN

An early gun barrel which has been cut through to show how the stresses set up by the explosion are greatest on the interior surface. In the early guns the metal was thickened to give strength

The MAKING

The Perpetual State o

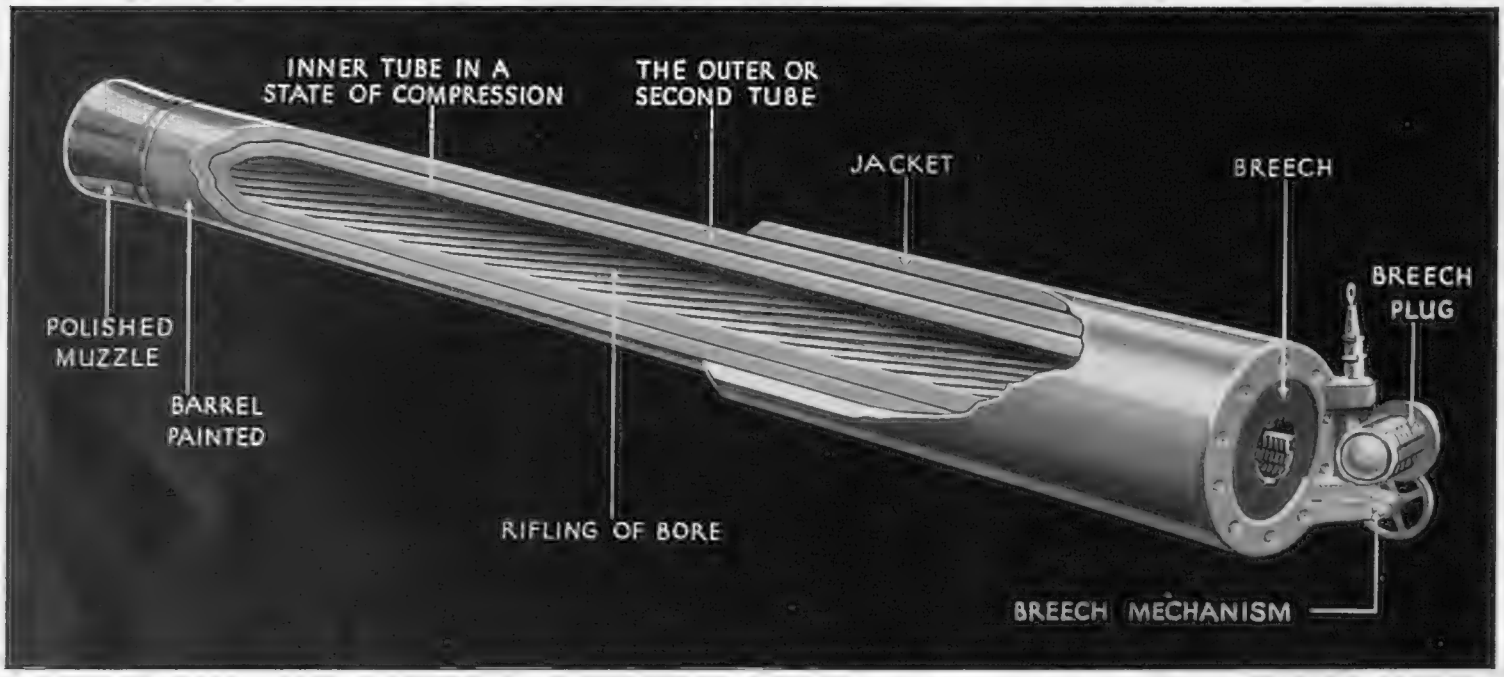
(Continued from previous page)

is finished in so far as the properties of its metal are concerned, and its shaping by heating and hammering is completed.

The remaining shaping is done by cutting-tools on a lathe, till the dimensions are attained at which the building of one tube on to another can be begun; namely, the outside surface of an inner tube must be turned to conform with the bored inside of its corresponding outer tube, with due allowance for the shrinkage desired.

In putting the tubes together, an inner tube is hung in a pit muzzle-end (that is narrow end) upwards: it is kept cool by water running through its bore. The outer tube, heated to expand, is then lowered over the inner one; when it is in position, it is rapidly cooled upwards with water. This cooling has to be very carefully controlled to prevent the tubes seizing together before they are required to, and so forming an air bubble between them. For this purpose the outer tube is kept hot by gas rings which move upwards in advance of the cooling water. A big gun is normally made up of three of these tubes and an outer "jacket."

To complete the gun, the bore is cut with spiral grooves, or "rifling," to make the shell spin in the air; and a breech-block is fitted. The latter is normally of the "screw-plug" type, with interrupted threads for speed of opening and closing; it is hinged on to the barrel. The gun is now ready to be placed on its mounting.



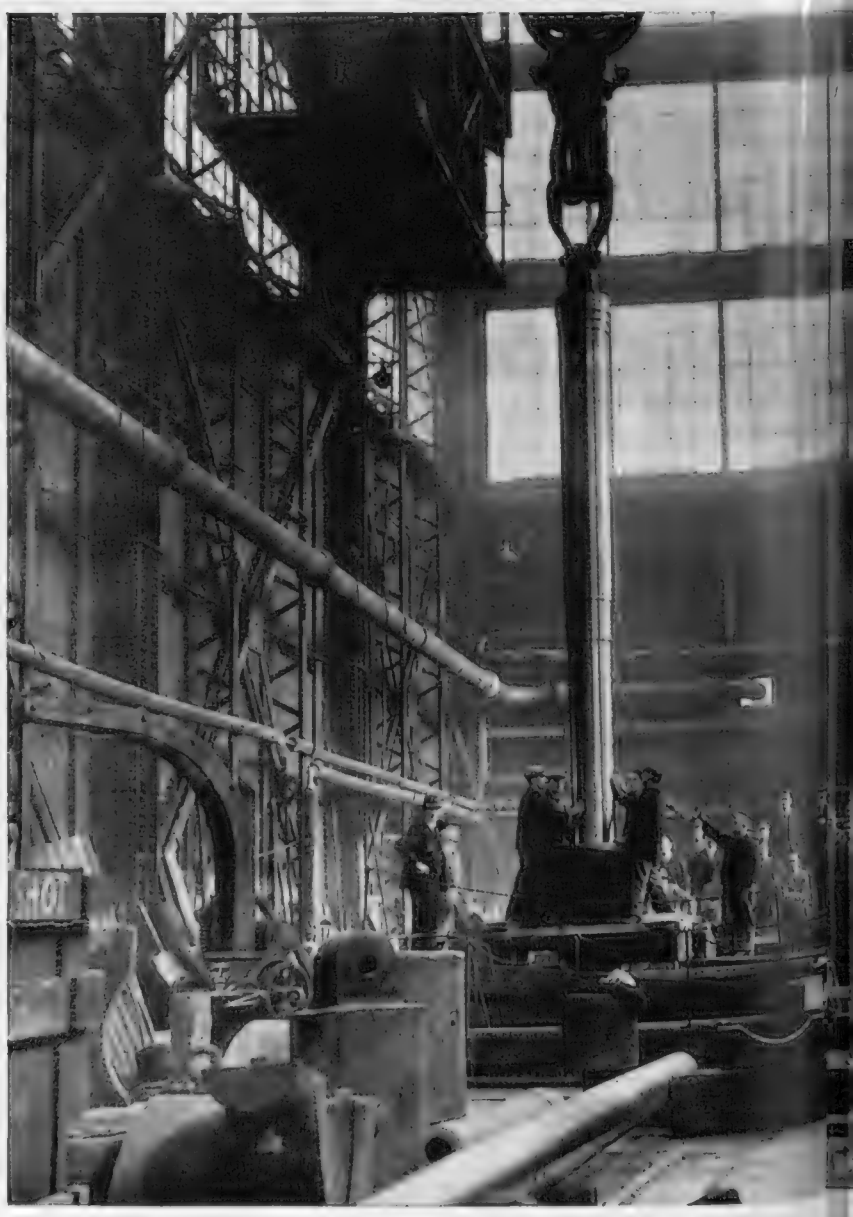
THE DISCOVERY OF THE VIRTUE OF COMPRESSION

A modern gun has here been cut through to show the method of building up by tubes. The inner tube is in a state of compression, the outer or second tube having been slipped over it when expanded by heat

THE INNER TUBE OF A BIG GUN IS ALWAYS IN A STATE OF COMPRESSION

This picture shows the inner tube, which is in compression, and the outer one, which is gripping it with irresistible force. Two or three tubes may be used in the building up of the gun

ENORMOUS WEIGHTS ARE EASILY MOVED



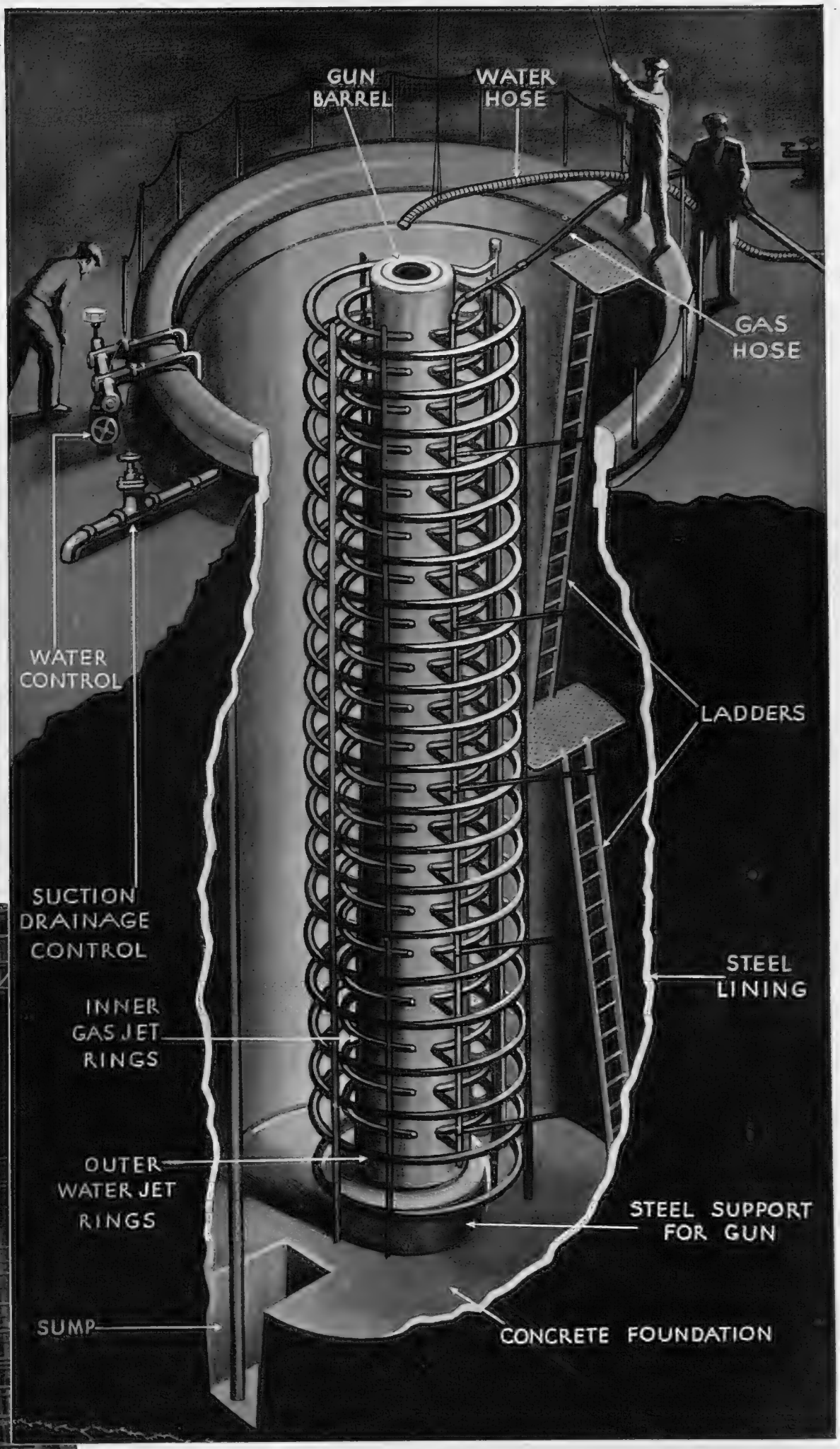
# of a BIG GUN

Compression of Its Inner Tubes

which may be designed for coast-defence work, for haulage on railways, or as part of the main armament of a battleship. Gun-mountings of battleships — with their recoil-mechanisms, loading gear, revolving turrets, firing apparatus, ammunition hoists, and the rest—are so complicated and must work so smoothly that they often take longer to build than does the ship which will carry them.

The general public may rest assured that the gunsmiths of England—enthusiasts with piercing eyes to detect any flaw, and with fingers sensitive to the beauties of metals—are giving our fighting men the best weapons the world can produce. But, however good a gun the smiths may hand out, the men who fire it in action must have skill to give them speed and accuracy, and courage to make them too proud to flinch. We know those qualities are present now, as of old: they won for us at Trafalgar, at Jutland, and at the River Plate

The huge barrels of these colossal guns are slung on cradles for easier handling when moving from point to point in the shops



THE SECRET OF THE GRIPPING CHAMBER

A sectional view of the chamber or pit in which the outer jacket of a big naval gun is slipped on to the inner tube in a state of expansion, while the inner tube is contracted by cooling. When the outer tube cools, it shrinks, gripping the inner one and keeping it in a continuous state of compression, a condition which adds least resistance to the explosion when firing takes place

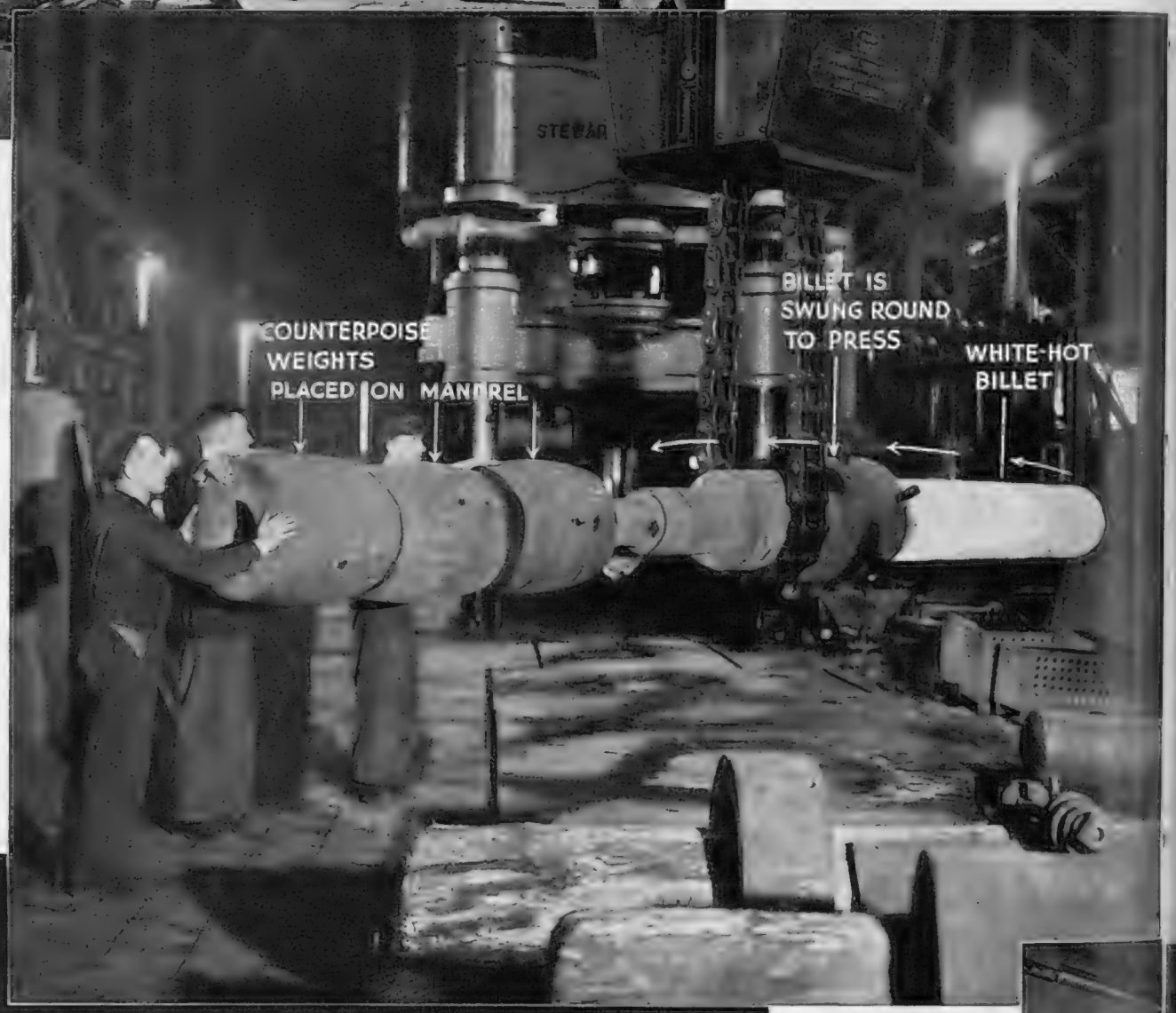
On left—**THE GUN HAS REACHED THE TEMPERING STAGE**

The inner tube of a huge naval gun is now being hoisted up out of an oil well in which it has been tempered. The tube is now cool, as can be seen by the men standing near it, but when lowered into the oil it was red hot. The high polish on this tube is to ensure a fit as close as possible within the outer tube, which will now be shrunk on to it

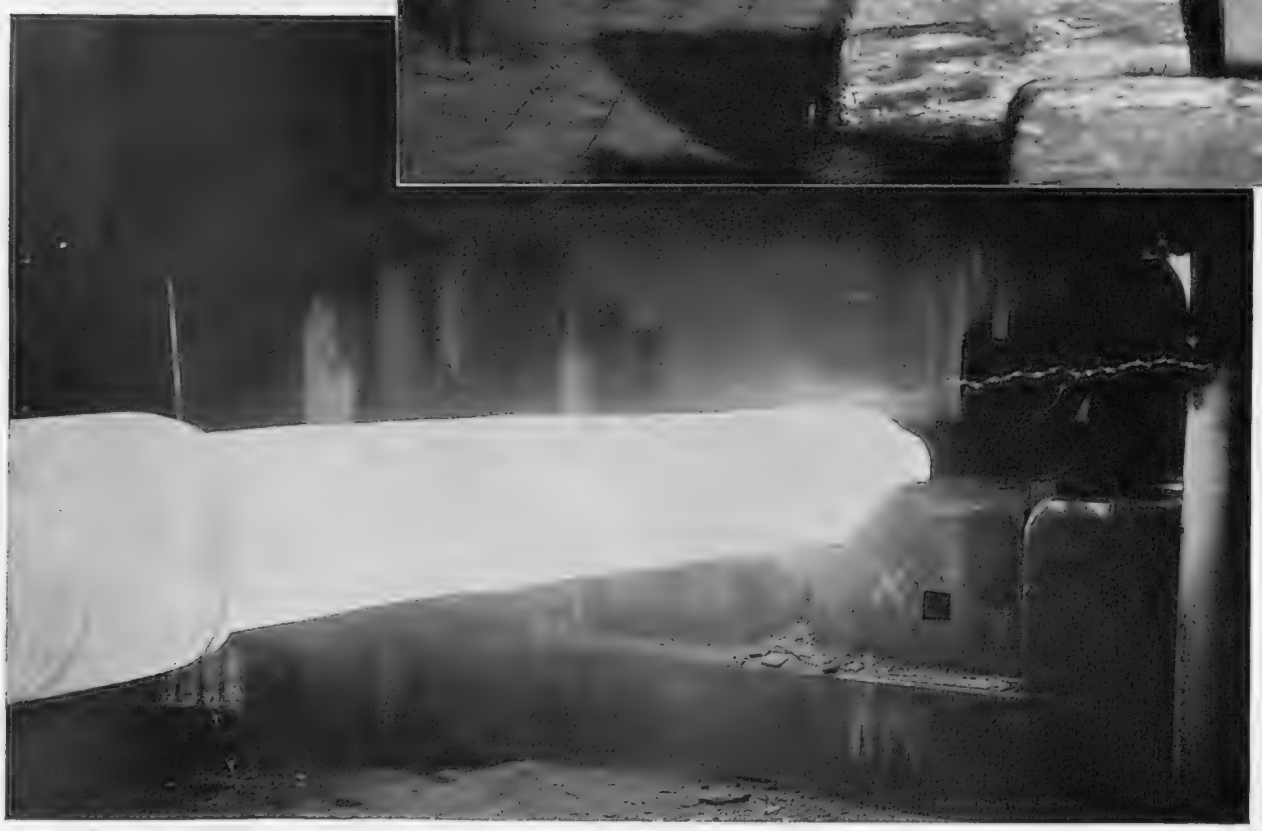
THE MAKING of a BIG GUN

On these Pages the Process of Making a Big Naval Gun is Further Described and Illustrated. The Pictures are Numbered in the Order in which they Should be Studied. The Manner in which the Red-hot or White-hot Metal is Handled is Astonishing, Especially in the Use of the Mandrel which is Thrust into the Heated "Forging" for the Purpose of Providing a Counterpoise

1. *Above*—The "forging," as the work is termed, is shown being withdrawn from the furnace where it has been heated previous to being shaped in a press of great power. The weight of the "forging" is nicely balanced

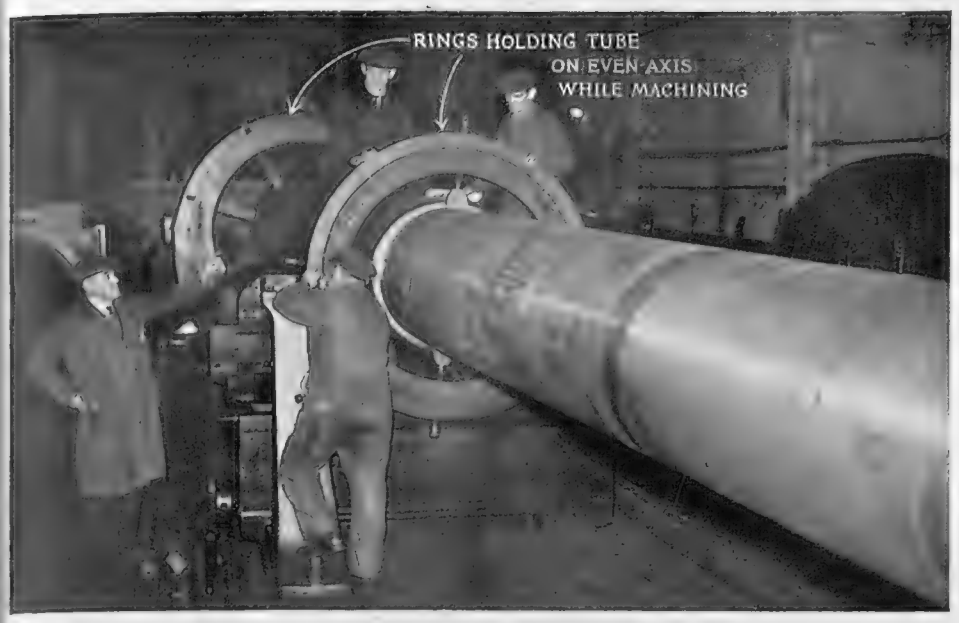


2. *On right*—This picture shows the method of handling a "forging" which is destined to become one of the tubes for a naval gun. Through one end has been placed a mandrel or rod of very fine steel, enabling weights to be placed at the end nearest the spectator, so that the heavy, white-hot "forging" can be conveniently handled and swung into desired positions. Here it is about to be swung round in the direction shown by the arrows to the big press seen in the background. There the "forging" will be punched and pressed into a longer shape



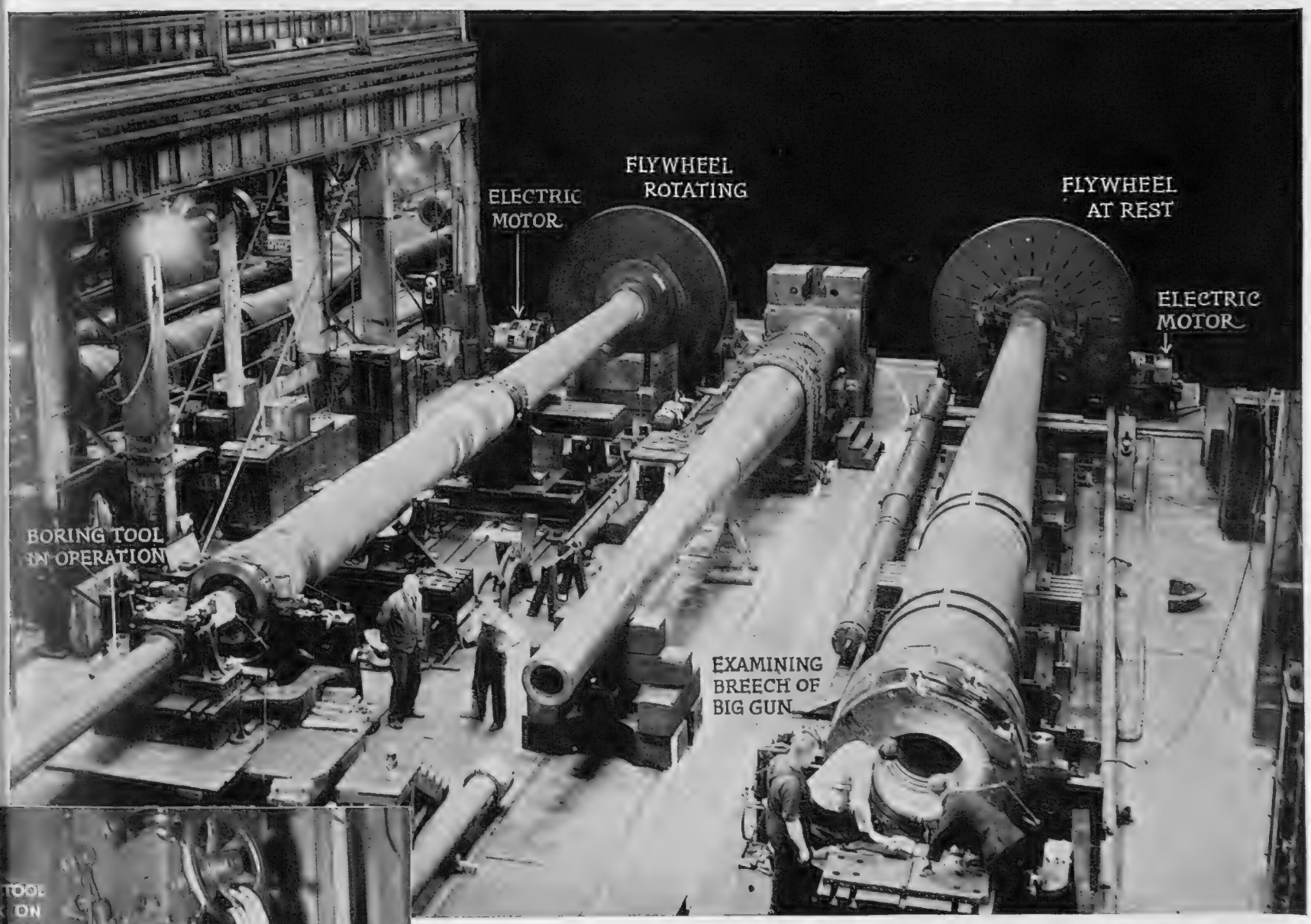
3. *On left*—This picture will give an idea of the pressure applied to the white-hot metal in order to bring it more or less into the shape of a naval gun's barrel

7. *On right*—A tool is here seen working on the top of the breech ring which goes on the end of a gun to carry the breech mechanism

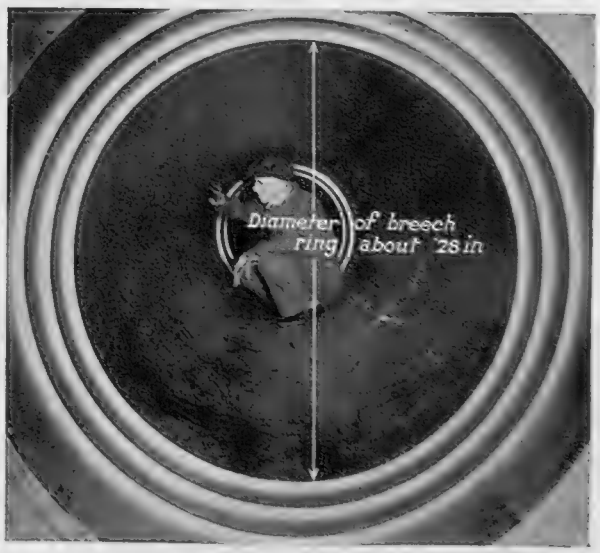


4. Here is seen the final turning of the outside of a gun tube. The rings which the men are adjusting hold the tube on an even bed. The men on this type of work must be very skilled, for the smallest error in cutting may mean that thousands of pounds' worth of material will be wasted

5. *On right*—The finishing touches are being put to the exterior of a jacket destined for a naval gun



6. *Above*—In this big gun shop of a Royal Ordnance factory a couple of big naval guns are shown in process of manufacture. The one on the left is actually rotating; its heavy fly-wheel can be seen in motion at the far end and in the foreground the boring tool is shown in position. On the right-hand side another big gun in a more advanced stage of construction has come to rest and the breech portion is being examined by a couple of experts. The comparatively small electric motor for actuating the fly-wheel can be seen on the right of the big wheel



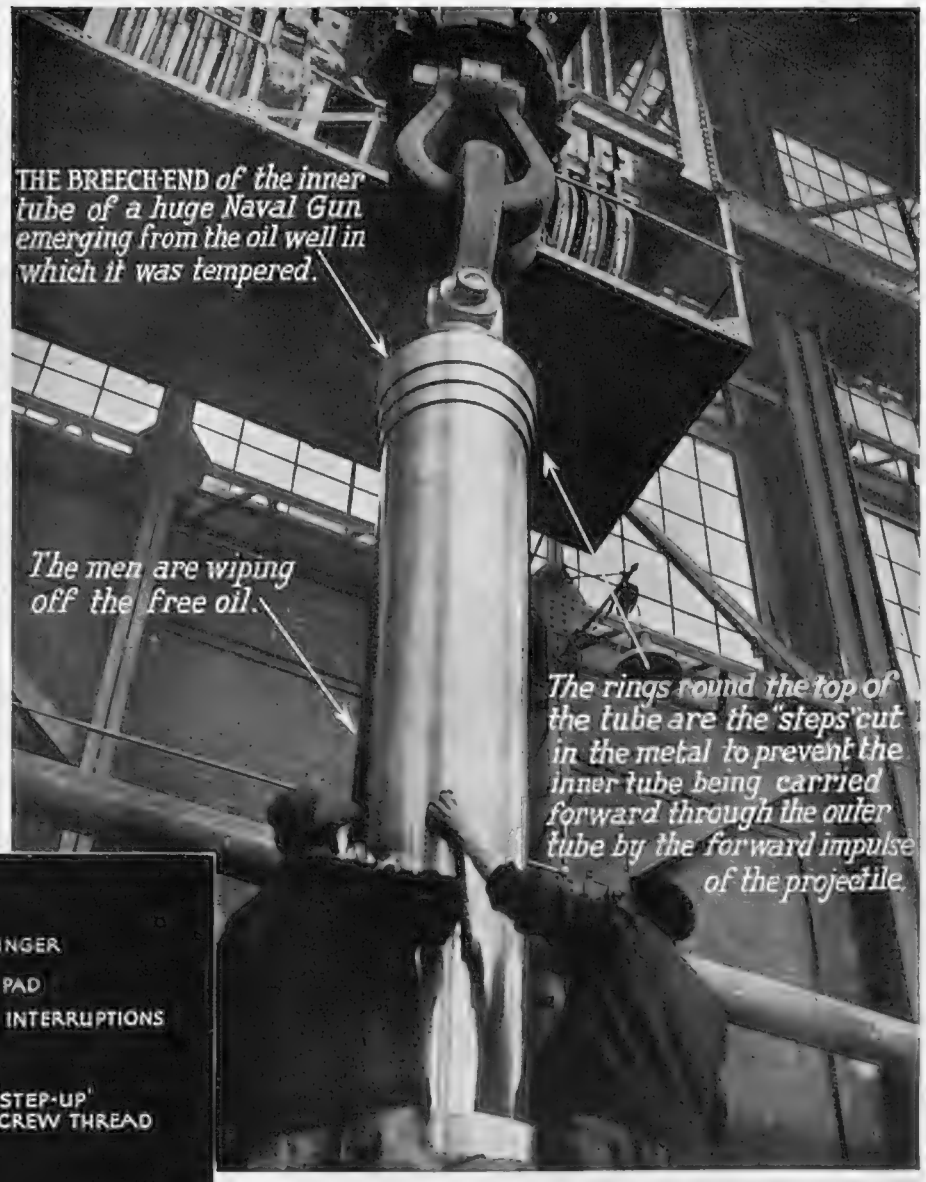
8. *On right*—The man is crouching in the inside of a big gun; but, of course, he could not be crouching thus in the actual barrel of a 14-in. or 15-in. gun. He is, in point of fact, inside the breech portion

THE MAKING of a BIG GUN

The Final Stages of Fitting the Breech Block and Mushroom Plunger

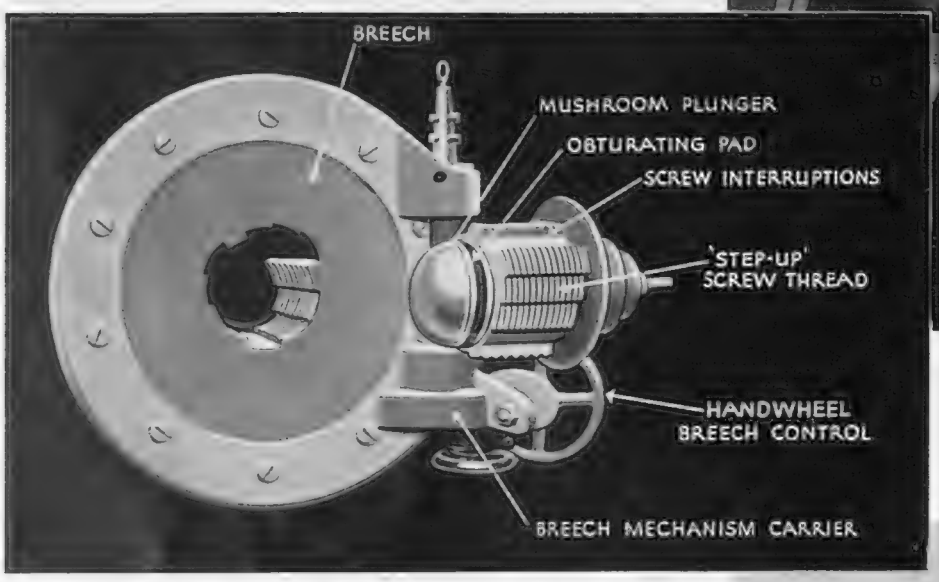
NEARING THE END IN THE TASK OF PRODUCING A BIG GUN FOR THE NAVY

The problem of securing a gas-tight breech is solved by providing a pad which creates a closely-fitting joint. The explosion of the powder forces back the mushroom plunger as shown here



A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF ONE OF THE LATER STAGES IN PRODUCING A BIG GUN

The heavy tube is cleverly suspended from above by a link mechanism which is visible above the rings which finish off the top of the shining tube. They are the steps cut in the metal in order to prevent the inner tube the rifled one—being carried outwards by the forward rush of the projectile



HOW THE INTERRUPTED SCREW SOLVED THE DIFFICULTY OF RAPID OPENING AND SHUTTING OF THE BREECH

This has been accomplished by using a breech block with interrupted screw threads; a small turn locks the block in position. Originally, the screwing was continuous and the operation too slow for rapid fire

A COUPLE OF BIG NAVAL GUNS WAITING TO BE RIFLED

These two barrels present one marked difference to the other pictures shown. They are both without any sign of rifling—this process is a delicate one, accomplished by a special tool

AFTER MANY MONTHS OF CONTINUOUS AND INDIVIDUAL CARE, THIS MONSTER IS READY FOR DELIVERY

The great gun is mounted on twin multiple-wheeled carriages ready for delivery to the dockyard. A big 100-ton gun is an individual piece of work; it cannot be mass-produced

BRITAIN in WAR-TIME

Three Graphic Pictures

THE FISHING FLEET CARRIES ON

In spite of Nazi terrorism by U-boats and by raiding bombers, the indomitable spirit of the fishermen around our shores remains unbroken. Every day thousands of them leave British ports for the fishing grounds round the coast. This picture was taken at a fish quay in Fleetwood: many of the fleet operating from this port have had exciting adventures with U-boats. In one case recently a trawler's crew had to abandon their gear to escape a submarine, only to resume their fishing later with gear borrowed from another vessel. It is a spirit such as this that the Germans will find so difficult to subdue!

WHEN THE LEAVE TRAIN DEPARTS

This graphic picture shows the daily scene at the London terminus, whence the Leave Train departs for France. Apart from relatives of the returning soldiers, civilians are rarely seen at these moments. If one were to inspect the groups on the platform closely, one would discover that practically every branch of the British land forces are represented on these occasions

THE SUNDAY MORNING DIGGING PARADE

London's Commons and Parks present an unusual appearance in these war-time days. Instead of the usual Sunday morning crowds out for a stroll, one now witnesses men—and women—hard at work planting out their allotments, for many of these open spaces have now been dug up in the nation-wide "Dig for Victory" campaign. Here is a typical Sunday morning scene on Clapham Common, showing the allotmenteers hard at work on their plots

SALVAGING THE BURNING STEAMER "BARNHILL" after she had been bombed and set on fire by an enemy plane

Drawn for "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson from personal description

A remarkable piece of salvage work was accomplished by a powerful sea-going salvage tug recently off the south coast. A British ship of about 4,500 tons had been bombed and set on fire by an enemy plane; its plight was discovered by one of our own air patrols and reported to the shore. The salvage tug set out and found her shortly after dawn. Heavy smoke was pouring from part of the cargo (900 tons of oil was being carried in casks), and the funnel had fallen over the vessel's side, which was red-hot—so hot that the waves were sizzling as they struck her plating. Four or five men had died before the salvage tug could reach the burning ship. The remainder of the crew were rescued by the tug, which was in great danger herself from the excessive heat, but succeeded in towing the still glowing vessel to a suitable point on the shore some 3 or 4 miles away, where some 5,000 tons of cargo were recovered from the ship. The captain of the salvage tug says that the scene during the salvage operations was one of the most extraordinary that he has ever seen; a black pall of smoke extended for mile upon mile over the sea, the gloom of the smoke near the ship being lit up by explosions of canisters of carbide, which burst with pyrotechnic brilliance from time to time. His own crew had to clamber on to the stern of the ship, muffled round the face to protect them from the heat and smoke

IS This the END of CIVIL AVIATION in BRITAIN?

A Few Things which Must be Said Before the End Comes

By CHARLES G. GREY
(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

ALMOST THE SOLE CIVIL AIRCRAFT NOW BEING PRODUCED IN BRITAIN—THE DE HAVILLAND FLAMINGO

The De Havilland Company, founded just after the 1914-1918 war, has concentrated its efforts almost entirely on the development of commercial aircraft of all kinds. Their Flamingo is almost the only civil aircraft being produced in Britain to-day: despite the war a number of these are being built to meet the sadly attenuated needs of the few civilian companies now operating in this country. Flamingo has Bristol Perseus engines, with a cruising capacity of over 225 m.p.h. with a full load: it is said to be the most aerodynamically efficient aeroplane ever produced. In this picture one can obtain a good impression of its extremely effective cleanness of design: the two motors are mounted on the high wing behind and out of range of the pilot's line of vision. The fork-like object beneath the cabin is the Pitot tube for the Air Speed Indicator, whilst above is the cone-like radio apparatus. Note the twin rudders—a noticeable feature of Flamingo's design

Mr. C. G. Grey is famous throughout aviation circles the world over for the forthrightness of his views. The article which follows may be counted as amongst his most forthright. Not only Mr. Grey, but many other competent observers as well, have been tremendously stirred at the thought of the imminent end of Civil Aviation as we have hitherto known it in this country if the present plans of the Air Ministry are to stand. It is inconceivable that after the war such a position should be tolerated. But such is the prospect with which we are now faced.—EDITOR.

WHAT is going to happen next about Civil Aviation? It is just as vital to our much-boosted war effort as is the Royal Air Force itself. The BOA has swallowed Imperial Airways and British Airways, but with what is it going to fly? So far as one can gather, nobody is building civil aeroplanes. A few dozens or hundreds of De Havilland Flamingos—excellent aeroplanes, I believe—are being built, presumably for the Railway Air Transport companies and for R.A.F. Communications. We ought to be building hundreds of them for export, but we seem to prefer to use the material which should be available for that purpose in building more and more obsolete types which, if they were ever used in war, would fulfil precisely the same function that the B.E.2c fulfilled when the Fokker pursuit-ship was put into the sky. Happily, they will only be used as trainers, but they are hideously expensive for that job

Our very latest, newest and fastest, brightest and best aeroplanes are streets ahead of everything that the Germans have, but the fact remains that for more than a year up to this day, and probably for months to come, we have been, and shall be, building aeroplanes of types which ought to have been put out of production two years ago. So are the Germans, I am happy to say.

The folly of the way we have gone about things is shown by the fact that some of the most useful work which a certain Command is doing is being done by American Lockheed twin-motor monoplanes with guns cocked up somewhere near the tail, where the turret cannot do any good to the tail control. That is purely a civil machine and it is being used for military purposes, while we have been wasting heaven knows how many tens of thousands of tons of steel and aluminium alloy on obsolete aeroplanes.

Anyhow, let us get back to Civil Aviation. Look at the tragedy of the original Handley Page *Hannibal*! Nobody will ever know what happened to that overworked old ship, which just disappeared in the Persian Gulf. It ought to have had an honoured place in the whale room at the South Kensington Museum five years ago. But, because of the imbecile way in which the Air Council and the Air Ministry have handled Civil Aviation, unfortunate Imperial Airways has had to go on using that and the aged Armstrong *Atalantas*, carrying valuable people (and some of the mails may be valuable also) while K.L.M. and Luft Hansa and Air France and Ala Littoria have been running the most up-to-date aeroplanes

Some idea of the tragedy of the *Hannibal* crash may be gathered from the fact that, according to people who have worked on that type of machine, if there was a head wind of anything over 20 m.p.h. the *Hannibal* could not carry enough petrol to cross from Gwadar in Baluchistan to Shargah on the Arabian Coast. And there are no intervening landing grounds.

Shargah is well away down the west coast of the Oman Peninsula. There are no beaches on which a machine can land, because almost everywhere the mountains go sheer into the sea. And I have been told on high ethnological authority that those mountains in the interior of the Oman Peninsula are inhabited by primitive indigenous if not aboriginal tribes of little black men who are known to be cannibals. A pleasant landing-place even if an aeroplane got over it.

There are possible landing-places on the east of the Peninsula much closer to India than Shargah, as Colonel Burchall showed years ago in a lecture on the subject. But Imperial Airways never developed them, presumably because they meant going out of the way and flying across the neck of the Oman Peninsula if a machine which had been brought down was able to take off again

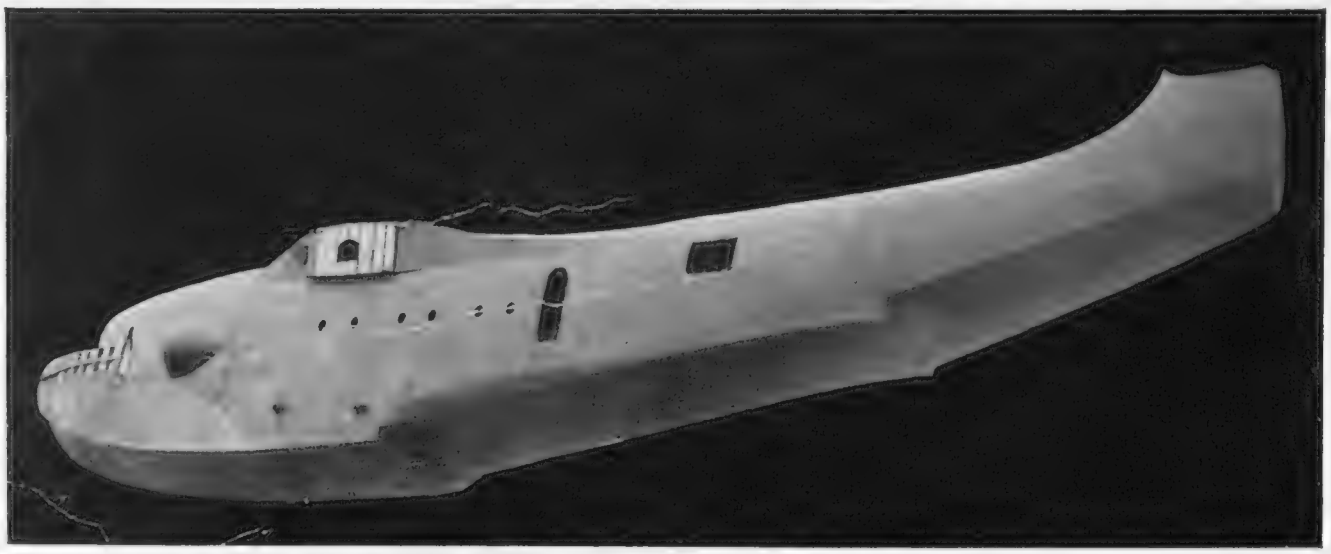
One cannot blame poor old Imperials for going on using the Hannibals. They were not allowed by the Government to have anything else. And anyhow, as Imperials were about to be swallowed up by the BOA (British Overseas Airways) they were not in a position to start ordering a lot of new landplanes last year.

The Ensigns should have been able to do the job, but many people know about the mistakes that were made there. And in spite of all the talk for the past year or more, since the mistakes were discovered, we have still not got those promised American engines which were to make up the lost power. Apart from which, even if the Ensigns had been perfect, they were commandeered by National Air Communications (the Air Ministry) at the beginning of the war, at the behest of Higher Powers, for certain urgent transport between this country and British Forces overseas—one of which urgent loads, I am informed on incontrovertible authority, consisted entirely of lavatory seats. I can only hope that the tragedy of the *Hannibal*, which cost the life of one of the most brilliant officers in the R.A.F., Group Captain Whistler, who was marked by all who knew him as a future holder, in rotation, of all the seats on the Air-Council, and a certain Marshal of the R.A.F. in years to come, may drive home to some extent the crime which has been committed against Civil Aviation by those who are more highly placed than the Directorate-General of Civil Aviation and its hard-working staff.

Nobody can blame the Coastal Command for stealing the Empire flying-boats. The need for a proper patrol of the coastal waters against submarines is evident and the fact that there were not enough flying-boats of the Empire type, or of the still bigger type which was designed for the Atlantic service, is not the fault of Short Brothers, but the fault of still other departments in the Air Ministry.

A couple of years ago Short Bros. of Rochester, the builders of the Empire boat, made an alliance with Harland and Wolff, of Belfast, the greatest shipbuilding yard in the world. Naturally, when the alliance was announced everybody thought that Short and Harland, Limited, would forthwith produce the world's greatest flying-boat, something magnified and scaled-up to a kind of flying *Mauretania*. But did the Air Ministry think along those lines? No, Sir! They turned Short and Harland on to build an excellent type of bombing machine, the Handley Page Hereford, which differed from the Handley Page Hampden in that it had, or rather has, two Napier air-cooled motors.

There is no secret about that to worry the Censor, because these aeroplanes were photographed and detailed drawings of them were published before war was declared. What they have been doing since is not my business to



FRANCE STILL CONTINUES TO THINK OF CIVIL AVIATION—AND THIS IS ITS LATEST EFFORT

The Potez-C.A.M.S. 161, a huge aircraft with six engines, which has been designed to a specification issued by the French Air Ministry for North Atlantic flying. This colossal flying-boat will weigh 42 tons when completed, and will carry thirty passengers on each flight from France to the U.S.A. in 20 hrs. Here the big, double-stepped hull is seen as it appeared whilst being transferred from the builders to the factory for "fitting out." The specification of the French Air Ministry for these cross-Atlantic flying-boats called for a range of 3,725 miles against a 37 m.p.h. head-wind and a cruising speed of 155 m.p.h.

HOW BIG BOMBERS ARE MADE—BLENHEIMS IN PRODUCTION AND IN VARIOUS STAGES OF CONSTRUCTION

These crack cruisers of the air are constructed in such fashion that cabin, fuselage and motors form one huge unit as shown above. Later, the wings are added, and then the powerful engines and propellers are installed in their waiting "containers"

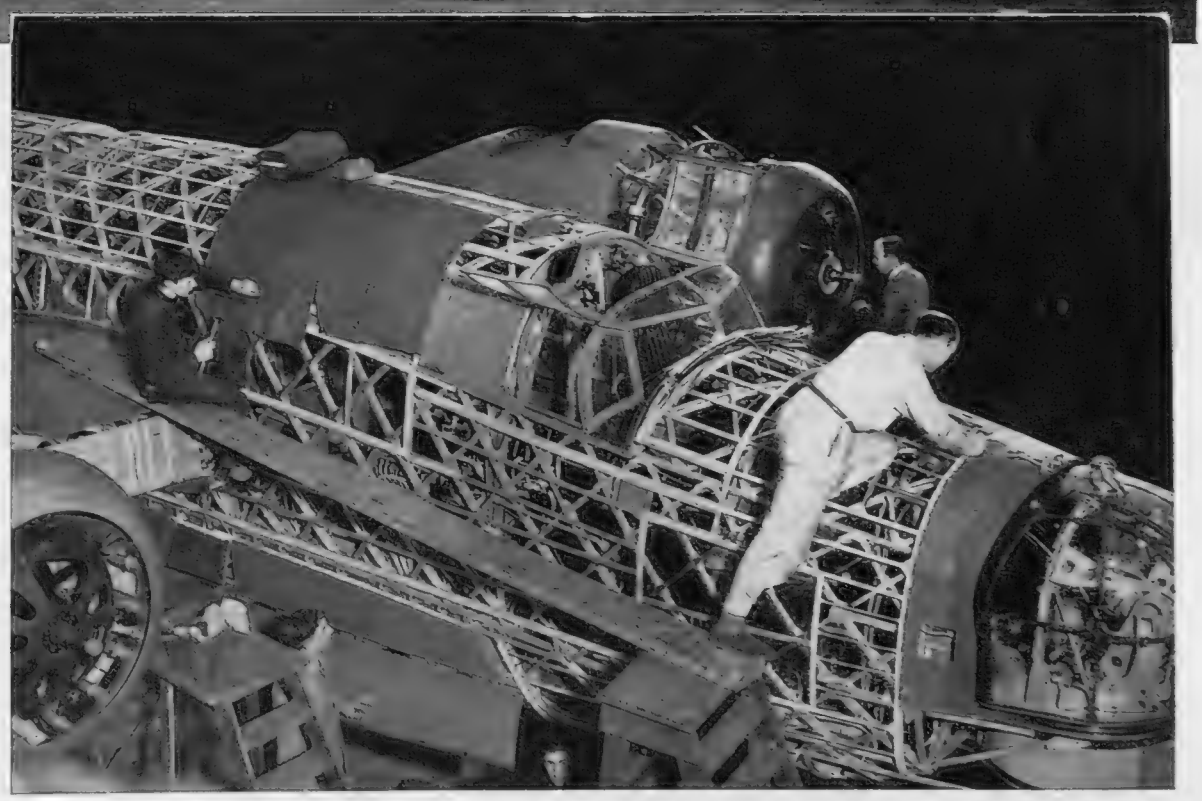
discuss. The point is that there we had the world's biggest shipbuilding yard and the world's best makers of flying-boats linked up to make bombers which could have been built by any big motor-car manufacturer in a shadow factory under instruction.

The arrangement rather reminds me of an incident in the last war when a scholarly friend of mine discovered one of the most eminent Greek scholars of this country, a specialist in Demotic Greek, who might have been of untold value in the Balkan war area, in uniform as a private soldier going around one of the camps at home with a pin on the end of a stick picking up bits of paper and cigarette packages.

Now that the BOA (British Overseas Airways) has come into being it has swallowed up Imperials and British Continental Airways, and British Airways, and will probably swallow up all the Railway Air Services group—which do fly over home seas. At any rate, it has had a very poor skeleton to swallow in Imperial Airways Ltd., which ought by now to have been the world's greatest airway, reaching out to the Far East, with branches to Australia, South Africa, and to South America and to North America, and exceeding all the air lines of all other nations put together.

Whether this war develops into another Thirty Years War, as some optimists seem to hope, or whether it fizzles out in the next few months, our overseas air communications will still be one of the most important assets of the British Empire. For war those airways mean quick transport of important personnel and urgent documents. We could develop them for the quick transport of wounded and of officers and men on leave. If we had the world's finest troop-transport aeroplane we should automatically have the world's finest air liner, as I have pointed out many times before.

If we have peace, then we shall need all those air lines at full pressure to get back some of the overseas trade which we have been chucking away



FIRST STAGES IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF A WELLINGTON BOMBER

This powerful aircraft is built on the "Geodetic" (what might roughly be summarised as the criss-cross) principle, which gives the aeroplane an extremely sturdy construction. The Wellington is one of the finest bombing aircraft in production to-day

with both hands for years past. The question is, what are we to do about it? Is Civil Aviation, which is vital to the Empire and vital to all the fighting services and vital to British commerce, to remain a despised sub-department of the Air Ministry, subordinated in every way to the particular personal fads of different chiefs of different departments in the Royal Air Force, or is it to be taken clean away from the Air Ministry and given a separate Ministry of its own.

Obviously its proper place should be under the Ministry of Transport, but as everybody who has had to do with the Ministry of Transport knows, whether they be private motorists or the owners of great road-transport undertakings, the Ministry of Transport has from its inception been the most completely inept department of all our political concerns. So I should hate to see Civil Aviation placed under such people as the permanent officials of the Ministry of Transport have proved themselves to be.

As a general rule, a Minister who is a fool has his face saved by his permanent Civil Servants. If the Ministers of Transport have been intelligent, and they may have been, their intelligence has been effectively concealed by their underlings. Ask Mr. Percy Bradley on another page if you don't believe me. Or ask anybody in the motor trade or in the road transport business.

Anyhow, the point is that somehow or another British Civil Aviation has got to be saved for the sake of the British Empire. Who is going to save it?

OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE FORCES AGAINST WHOM GERMANY CRACKS HER TEETH

"THE SKIPPER" IS ALWAYS ON THE ALERT FOR ENEMY PLANES

The officers of the Royal Naval Patrol Service have come through a stormy winter and are still on the bridge on the heaving swells of the North Sea

THE SUBMARINE LOOK-OUT CASTS HIS EYES IN ALL DIRECTIONS

The longshoreman could scarcely tell who's who if he got on board a coastal patrol vessel. This submarine watcher wears useful hooded kit impervious to the winds over the Dogger

IN HIS DUFFLE COAT THIS "SKIPPER" KEEPS WATCH FOR ANY OBJECT ON THE HEAVING WATERS

This naval "skipper" of the North Sea Patrol is one of many who is proving a match for the enemy and his wiles

HE FISHES THE SEA FOR MANY STRANGE OBJECTS TO-DAY

He is one of the volunteer fishermen who are no longer casting their nets for the fish supply of our great cities — he combs and rakes the sea for deadly products

A SMILE IS WORTH WHILE WHEREVER YOU MEET IT

It may be very dirty weather and you, personally, may not have had much luck for the past week, but a smile like this carries you through as it does this happy member of a minesweeper's crew

YOU CAN WEAR THE BALACLAVA HELMET IN A VARIETY OF WAYS

William Hughes has a way with his blue woollen Balaclava. He can make a skull cap of it if the weather is mild and sudden changes come at sea, just as on land

"Yes," said the First Lord in Parliament, "I am much obliged to the Honourable Member—the stokers as well." This was in reply to an Hon. Member when Mr. Churchill had been speaking of the virtues of the man around the engines. Here, *above*, is the stoker of a minesweeper come up for a breather, and *on the left* is a very responsible job—the man at the wheel, on whom everything may depend in a moment of crisis. *On right* is another study of a young member of the crew of a minesweeper

DENMARK'S SOUTHERN COAST WITH ITS THREE-MILE TERRITORIAL CHANNEL

Above is another very "lively" coastline, extending from the German island of Föhr, just south of Hornum, up to Nissum Bay, one of the many inlets in the Danish coast. These inland waterways are more extensive and numerous than one would suppose if only a small general map is consulted. The first big enclosed water north of Sylt is Ringköbing or Stavning Fjord. This is separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land which may easily be mistaken in foggy weather for Sylt. Northward of Stavning Fjord is the Thorsminde Channel, recently in the news, leading to Nissum Fjord, and still farther north is Nissum Bay. These inlets are useful places of refuge for enemy cargo boats—if they dare the passage southwards. A service of steamers from Russia direct to Hamburg has been announced, but it seems scarcely likely to function with any success.

A SPECIAL "SPHERE" CHART OF THE NORTH SEA—ONE OF THE "LIVELIEST" CONTRABAND CONTROL AREAS

This map of the North Sea has been specially prepared to show all the Reefs and Banks which are likely to be referred to in actions within this very "lively" area. Horns Reef is, of course, famous for its connection with the great Jutland fight of the last war. The Brown Ridges and the Broad Fourteens have also come into war history. The First Lord likes the sound of these names, conjuring as they do windy stretches requiring skilful navigation. The whole of the North Sea is less than 100 fathoms, and towards the south and east it becomes very shallow indeed. There are only a few small depressions such as the Silver Pit. At the present moment the eastern side of the map is becoming increasingly "lively." The Sylt and the Heligoland districts are, of course, regularly visited by our airmen on patrol, and farther north the Göring iron ore patrol also adds to air activity within this region. The Skagerrak and Kattegat were considered safe regions by the German Navy, but recent happenings have shown that the enemy navy is no longer able to protect German merchant vessels, hence the formation of the iron ore patrol which cruises in small formations up and down Norwegian waters, and especially in the area shown in this map. The planes fly over Norwegian territorial waters, and have repeatedly flown over Bergen and other Norwegian ports. The announcement that the Allies may soon police these eastern waters has caused considerable perturbation in enemy circles.

THE BLOCKADE OF GERMANY

How the Blockade is being Operated by the Royal Navy

Described by
NOEL THOMPSON

MORE and more these days we are hearing about the blockade of Germany. In my second sentence I would like to emphasise that whereas it is always referred to as the British blockade, especially in American newspapers, it is in fact the Allied blockade. The French Navy and the French control ports are doing magnificent service, and no one is more annoyed than our Ministry of Economic Warfare (henceforward known as M.E.W.) and the Admiralty that we should get all the credit for its effectiveness, and a share of the blame.

I have been spending some time recently with our contraband men at a south-east coast port where merchant ships of the world gather to be examined and cleared, but before going into detail of searches of ships I want to give you a clear picture of the position. The active part of the search, and the capturing of suspect ships come under the Admiralty, but the background must come from the Ministry of Economic Warfare, now situated in Berkeley Square.

When I wrote about the M.E.W. last, on January 7, it was tucked away in Houghton Street, W.C. The waiting room in Berkeley Square is more spacious, and during a five minutes delay I could read the periodicals provided. The reader can form his own opinions because I make no comment.

There were two recent copies of the American magazine *Fortune*, two of the *Grocers' Gazette*, one of the *India Rubber Journal*, and two of a Norwegian paper, printed in Norwegian, French, German and English, advertising winter sports in Norway, with ski-jumping and long distance races at Holmskollen and the Slalom and Downhill races at Rjukan, in Telemark, together with a warm invitation to all to attend. In view of Norway's important position at the moment that paper seemed indicative.

There was also a Government paper of 20 years ago which quoted a view given by General Smuts. For those who do not consider the blockade effective this is what he said after a long tour of Germany in 1919. And remember that the present blockade has been taken over practically where it stopped in the last war.

". . . . it is the most awful spectacle in history and no man with any heart or regard for human destiny can contemplate it without the deepest feeling."

So much for the last war. How much more the effectiveness nowadays?

Talking with some of the search parties taught me some of their difficulties. For instance, taking an extreme case, industrial diamonds; those tiny little jewels which are so valuable for cutting tools, grinding, and for precision instruments. The biggest

(Continued on following page)

THE CONTRABAND CONTROL AT WORK: A NAVAL SEARCH PARTY ON THE WAY OUT IN A DRIFTER TO INSPECT NEUTRAL SHIPS ANCHORED AT A SOUTH COAST CONTRABAND CONTROL BASE

THE SEARCH PARTY GOES ABOARD FOR AN EXAMINATION OF A DUTCH SHIP WHICH WILL THEN BE SEARCHED FOR CONTRABAND

MEN OF THE CONTRABAND CONTROL OPENING A CASE FROM THE CARGO OF A NEUTRAL SHIP. NOTE THE COMPLETE OUTFIT OF TOOLS EMPLOYED IN THE SEARCH

THE BLOCKADE OF GERMANY

(Continued from previous page)

market is in New York. How can we stop them going to Germany? They can go so easily in fifties in an envelope, loose in a passenger's pocket, tucked away behind a name plate or inspection plate, or there might be 100 in a single letter.

Smuggling is a very lucrative trade, and Germany is prepared to pay well. There are a lot of racketeers itching to get their fingers into the business.

Well, at the control ports there are men who can deal with all these matters. The envelope, if it is in the mail, will be examined. There might also be papers of value, cheques destined for Germany, or obnoxious documents, such as propaganda. All are of great interest, but it is the diamonds we must stop.

You will find among the search party, as I did, men whom I have known as Customs officials at various ports. Everyone knows their sixth sense, the almost psychic way that they can smell out contraband. Now they are doing so on the bigger war basis, and are teaching willing pupils. *They* know where to look, even for diamonds.

In the same way all passengers are questioned and their baggage examined. Most of them are innocent, but the keen eye and the keen nose of the ex-Customs man are proving as infallible as ever.

"In fact," a senior official told me, "we do know that a trickle of contraband gets through, but it is only a trickle, getting thinner and thinner; we can never relax, nor reveal how and when we stopped certain sources."

That the blockade has proved effective can be deduced from the desperate methods which the Germans are now employing in an effort to evade it. Some of the most obvious, so desperate as to be stupid, have been consigning a cargo of manganese ore to a neutral firm which proved to be a tobacco firm, who could not possibly have any use for it. Bananas were destined to go to a hide and leather merchant. Oil from America to, of all places, Rumania, and tin to Switzerland, who never deal in it. Needless to say, such cargoes never arrive. It is safe to say that 99 per cent. of consignees can be traced, or are known to our officials, and the chances of their honestly needing the goods for their own purposes are known.

I saw ships arrive and leave within twenty-four hours. Most of these were ships whose governments had a trade agreement with us, by which the cargoes of the ships were declared, and the fact that they carried only goods for internal use was vouched for. And we take their word, so that only a minimum delay for report is necessary, and an examination of papers.

And the same applies to certain firms whose *bona fides* are beyond doubt. But should there ever be any suspicion of breaking their word, and of running contraband, the delays would get serious because every item would have to be examined thoroughly, even if it meant turning out the whole cargo.

EXAMINING THE CREW: NEUTRAL SAILORS MUSTERED ON DECK WHILST A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER CHECKS THE IDENTITY OF EACH MAN AGAINST THE PHOTOGRAPH IN HIS IDENTITY BOOK

IN THE MASTER'S CABIN—THE CAPTAIN OF A DUTCH VESSEL GOING THROUGH THE SHIP'S PAPERS WITH A BRITISH NAVAL OFFICER OF THE CONTRABAND CONTROL. JUDGING BY THE PHYSIOGNOMY THE PROCESS OF EXAMINATION SEEMS QUITE A PLEASANT ONE!

In fact, the neutrals are realising the enormous value of Navicerts, and of being absolutely frank. So much time and trouble is saved, and this is so infinitely better than the indiscriminate sinking and murder by the Germans.

We have trade agreements now with all the Scandinavian countries, with Belgium, Holland, Greece, Spain, and other nations that they will not ship certain warlike goods, which saves an enormous amount of trouble.

"Much noise has been made," another search official told me, "of the coincidence that American goods to neutrals has increased almost exactly in proportion with the decrease of American exports to Germany. There are two plain reasons for this, the first of which is that owing to the needs of the belligerents the neutrals cannot import so much from them, either of raw materials or manufactured goods. The second reason is that neutrals are laying in stocks while the going is good, and before prices rise."

I should like to be able to divulge, although I know only a hundredth part of it, how the information about possible contraband cargoes reaches Allied control ports (and here I might add that the French are much stricter than we are). Such things as eleven months supply of copper going in a certain direction in the first three months of this year are fairly obvious and easy to spot. But in every port are men, possibly business rivals, possibly friendly neutrals, possibly stevedores, or sailors, who know what is going on in the docks.

Ships whose honesty is doubtful, travelling, say, from the Far East to Europe, may be held up as many as nine times at various Allied control ports for questioning, each necessitating a delay. There has never been a better case for honesty and frankness paying.

And so we come to one of the control ports. Anywhere between two and fifteen miles away the ships are lying at anchor. A naval pinnace, rolling in the swell, waits to take aboard the boarding party. With us are interpreters, capable of dealing with the language of the ship concerned and almost any of the passengers or crew.

A swinging ladder and the lieutenant in charge is on deck being greeted by the captain. He wants the ship's papers, the passenger list, the manifest, the Navicert, the register. These are taken back at once to the shore for examination. The manifest may go by telewriter to London to be checked with a copy which has been sent by air mail. If clearance papers have been given elsewhere, the ship proceeds almost at once, after a brief search.

The search party varies in number according to the size of the vessel and the cargo carried. Most of them are Royal Naval Reservists or retired R.N., but all are experts. Different experts meanwhile examine the passengers and crew, peering at passports and papers, and searching baggage.

This sounds as though it were unpleasant, but actually there is the utmost goodwill, and I can imagine the difficulty of the search parties in politely refusing the many invitations they are given to enjoy the hospitality of the master or purser. This is not allowed.

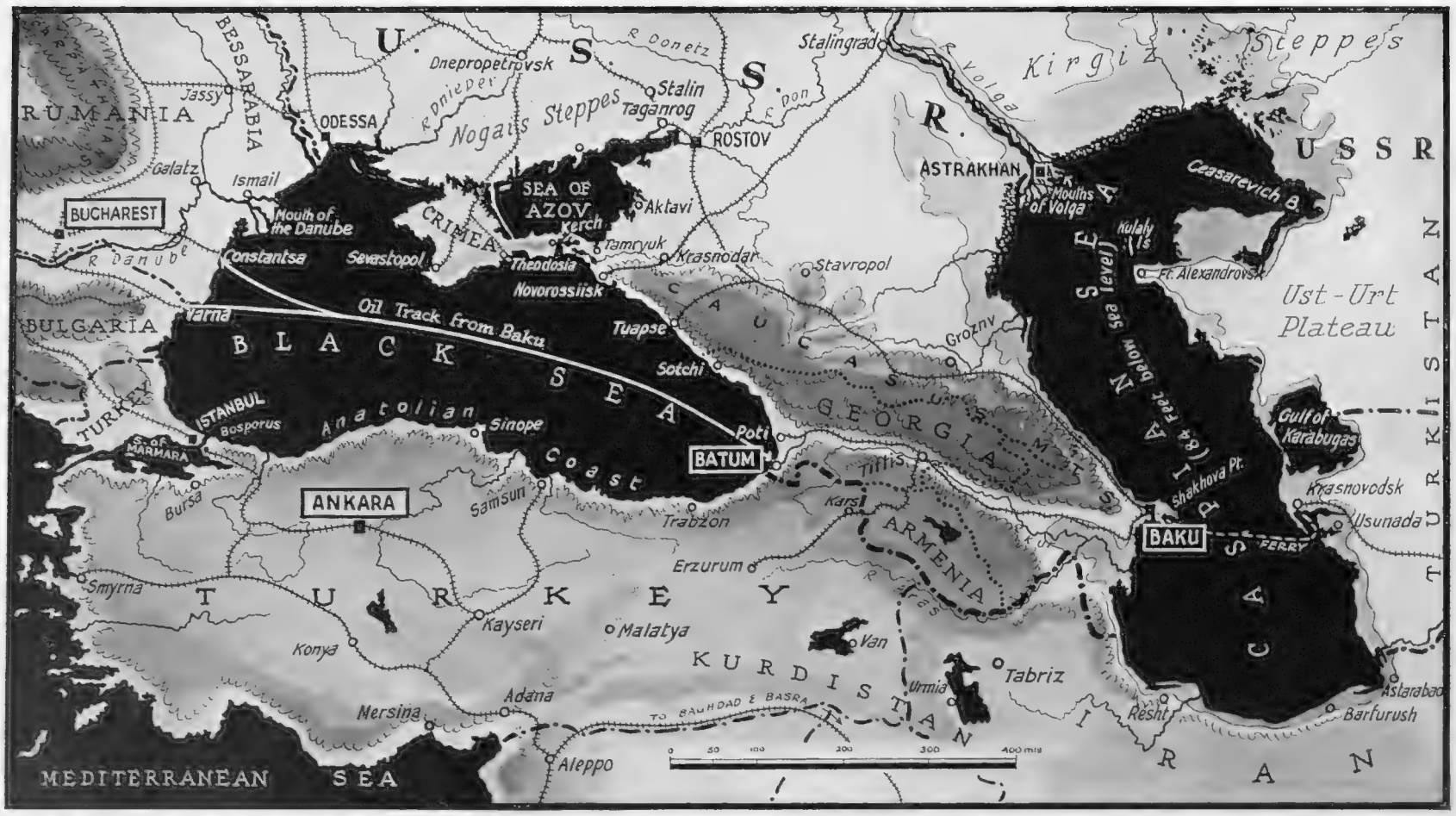
On the 5,000-ton ship I watched, the search party consisted of about twenty altogether, and the search lasted about three hours. There was nothing to worry them this time, like onions or beans made of india rubber, nor thin sheets of metal placed between the boards of packing cases, nor an amazing number of nails which had to be removed. Nor was anything found in the crow's nest, in hollow panels, or hidden lockers, but the search was none the less thorough. Long spikes prod into sacks of grain, or bales of cotton. For oil tanks there are sounding and measuring instruments, augurs, jemmies, everything is available if required, also tools for repairing and closing bales or packing cases again.

While the search goes on experts are looking at the stowage plans and comparing them with the ship's papers to see if they reasonably coincide. And so over the side again to make a report and wait to signal that the clearance papers have arrived and the ship may leave.

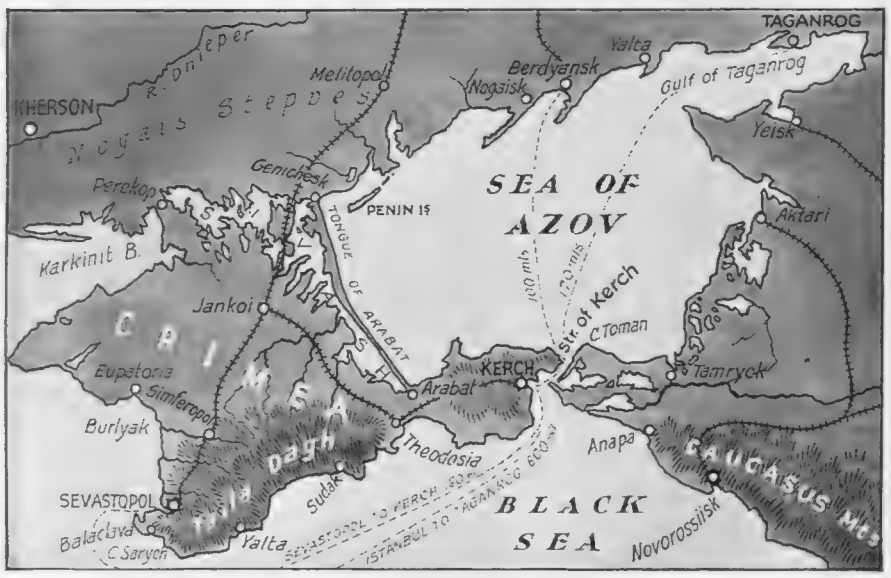
It is a fascinating business, if grim, this slow strangulation of Germany.

Britain's stranglehold on Germany is increasing with each day that passes, the three main weapons being Contraband Control, Trade Pressure, and Financial Pressure. The first is being intensified in all directions, and here we give a glimpse of how contraband is being prevented from reaching the enemy. A spirit of friendliness and mutual helpfulness prevails between the officers and men of the Contraband Control and the crews of neutral ships putting in at the various control bases. Co-operation between the two permits the ships to be examined and released with the minimum of delay and friction

ONE SHIP WHICH DID NOT GET AWAY: In this case disguise did not fool the Navy. The Nazi ship *Leander* had been disguised as the Russian *Metallist*. When intercepted by the Navy the captain attempted to scuttle the vessel, but the crew mutinied and foiled the attempt. Her cargo included 3,400 drums of turpentine, here seen being unloaded at a British port



THE BACK DOOR INTO GERMANY: An increasing amount of attention has been paid to the Black Sea area during the past few weeks. It is obviously a back door into Germany, but just how much contraband has succeeded in reaching Germany is a debatable question, for the frozen condition of the Danube has been a serious obstacle. This, however, will soon vanish. A Bucharest correspondent writes: "An interesting point is the impression which has daily been gaining ground that Allied action in the Black Sea, to help stop the leakage of supplies to Germany, will form one of the main questions to be discussed at the forthcoming British Ministers' conference in London. Curiously enough, Reuter's denial that any Allied Fleet had asked for Turkey's permission to pass through the Straits has merely served to confirm the impression that Allied action in the Black Sea is imminent"



A CURIOUS FEATURE OF THE BLACK SEA forms part of its northern shores. It is known as the Sea of Azov, but is really an inland lake with a narrow opening to the main body of the Black Sea known as the Strait of Kerch. An extraordinary geological feature is the long tongue of Arabat, which encloses the Siwash or Putrid Sea, a narrow belt of sand enclosing a series of swamps. The area provides a rich fishing ground

The BLACK SEA and CASPIAN

The question of Contraband grows in importance with every passing week; for it is by checking war goods reaching Germany that her downfall can be accomplished within measurable time. Here the question of one of the back doors is examined in detail.

NOW that Mr. Chamberlain has announced that the Allies intend to tighten the blockade against Germany, the Black Sea takes on a new importance. Any attempt to convey oil from the Russian oil wells at Baku will be watched and might lead to a request for the Allied fleets to pass through the Dardanelles. Germany certainly received a consignment of oil from Russia which was landed at Constanza, the Rumanian seaport, at the end of March, but its reception was so unsatisfactory that it is thought not to encourage further shipments. The dockers refused to unload, so that non-union labour had to be employed, unloading by buckets instead of by pumps. Dust got carried into the oil during this open process of unloading, making further refinement necessary. Turkey's attitude since the signing of the Anglo-French Treaty of Mutual Assistance in October is that of neutrality, unless an act of aggression occurs in the Balkans or in the Mediterranean. Otherwise she remains on the defensive ready for any event.

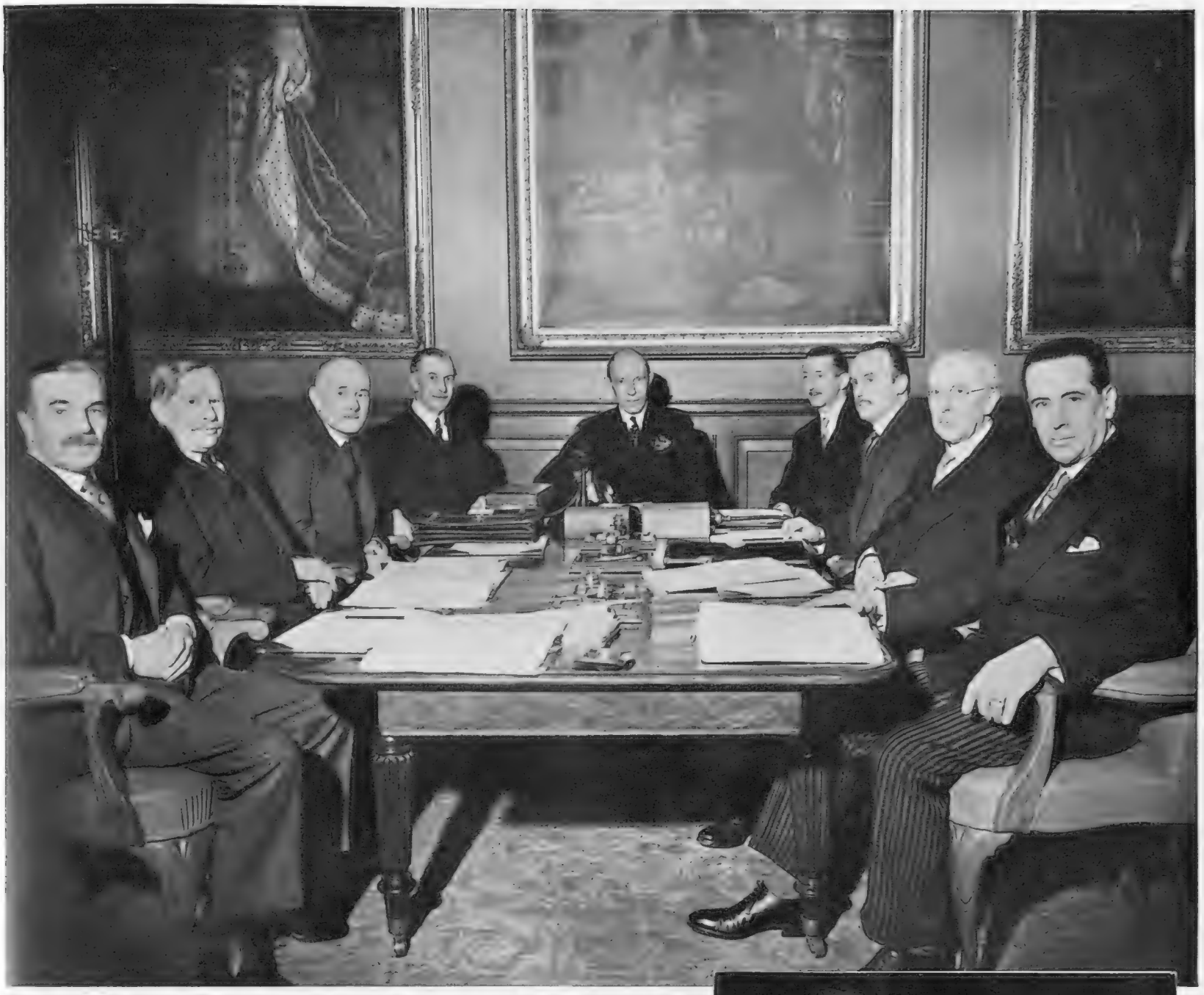
The great problem of the Allies is to prevent Russia from supplying Germany with all her war needs and of becoming the clearing house for neutral goods en route for the Reich. British warships have stopped two Russian ships in the Pacific carrying German goods to Vladivostok, the port at the Pacific end of the Siberian railway, and the Black Sea is obviously another loophole. Now that the Danube is reopened to traffic, with the breaking-up of the ice, the Rumanian and Bulgarian seaports present an open door to the heart of Germany.

For some time past there have been persistent rumours of great Russian activity in the Caucasus and along the Black Sea coast. Troops are said to be massing on the Caucasus and in Armenia, where tanks and aeroplanes are being gathered. There are also rumours of German troops going through Poland bound for the Caucasus. The defences of Odessa and Batum are also said to be showing signs of great activity. All this causes a certain sense of tension though Turkey remains quite calm, maintaining that she sees no cause for Russia to attack her, and that Russia herself need fear nothing if she refrains from aggression. Besides, Turkey is confident that she possesses an army of good fighting quality, which has been steadily improving. The knowledge, too, of the large Allied forces in Syria, Egypt and Palestine adds to this confidence, for these magnificently equipped troops are placed in strategic positions ready to strike at any danger spot. The Allied Air Chiefs held a conference with the Turkish General Staff at Ankara a few weeks ago, and had a most cordial reception.

It is not clear what Russia would hope to gain by any aggression in the Balkans or against Turkey at the moment. There is no indication that Stalin is prepared to yield to German pressure to make a diversion in the east, while she, perhaps, makes a serious attack in the west. Yet the Russian wireless is continually attacking Turkey, as if wanting to provoke her, or to frighten her into breaking with the Allies, in neither of which aspirations is she at all likely to be successful.

THE BLACK SEA—THE RUSSIAN SIDE: The Russian port of Odessa would, of course, become of little value to Germany if the Allies took serious steps to stop the commerce of the Black Sea in contraband. The Soviet authorities have recently erected a big new elevator at their principal Black Sea port

THE BLACK SEA—THE RUMANIAN SIDE: The position of Rumania is a delicate one, but the forces which threaten her may cancel one another out. In the meantime her Black Sea ports are objects of intense interest to the Allies. Above is a scene at Constanza or Kustendji on the western shore of the Black Sea



RITAIN'S DANUBIAN AND BALKAN ENVOYS BEGIN THEIR DISCUSSIONS

This picture was taken at the Foreign Office on Monday last, when Viscount Halifax, Foreign Secretary, presided at the first of a series of meetings between the representatives of Great Britain in the various European capitals. From left to right the names are: Mr. Ronald I. Campbell (Yugoslavia), Sir Reginald Hoare (Rumania), Sir H. Knatchbull-Hugessen (Turkey), Sir Percy Loraine (Italy), Lord Halifax, Sir William Seeds (Russia), Sir Charles Palairet (Greece), Mr. Owen St. C. O'Malley (Hungary), and Mr. George Rendel (Bulgaria)

THE BALKAN CONFERENCE

Lord Halifax Presides Over the Foreign Office Discussions

SIR REGINALD HOARE, British Minister in Bucharest

SIR WILLIAM SEEDS, British Ambassador in Moscow

SIR HUGHE KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN (ON LEFT), BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO TURKEY, AND SIR PERCY LORAINE, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO ITALY, ARRIVE AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE

MR. RONALD I. CAMPBELL, BRITISH MINISTER TO BELGRADE, ARRIVING WITH MR. CHILDS FOR THE OPENING DISCUSSION

Britain's counterblast to Germany's economic campaign in the Balkans has begun. On Monday last the first of a series of discussions on the political and economic situation in south-eastern Europe began at the Foreign Office under the presidency of Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary, when the pictures reproduced here were taken. Those present were the British Ministers to Hungary and the four Balkan States, together with Sir William Seeds, Sir Percy Loraine and Sir H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, Ambassadors to Moscow, Rome, and Turkey. The interest of the latter three Ambassadors in relation to Balkan and Danubian affairs will be readily appreciated. During the course of the week these representatives of Great Britain met the Prime Minister and Mr. Ronald Cross, Minister for Economic Warfare

THE SELECTION COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY BEGIN THEIR TASK OF CHOOSING PICTURES FOR THE FIRST WAR-TIME ACADEMY

For the Summer Exhibition opening on May 6 the Selection Committee have begun to choose the pictures at Burlington House. There is now a marked war atmosphere about the Academy. Many of the younger painters, men and women alike, are engaged on war work and several of the leading artists are acting as official war artists, notable amongst whom are Mr. R. G. Eves, R.A., and Mr. John Nash, the newly appointed A.R.A. Mr. Eves, now in army uniform, appears for the first time on the Selection Committee. From left to right in the above picture are seen: W. R. M. Lamb (secretary); Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A.; R. G. Eves, R.A.; W. Curtis Green, R.A.; F. W. Elwell, R.A.; Philip Connard, R.A.; Sir Sidney Lee, R.A. (the President's deputy); Sir W. W. Russell, R.A.; Harry Morley, A.R.A.; R. S. Austin, A.R.A.; Edward Maufe, R.A.; W. McMillan, R.A.; and A. K. Lawrence, R.A.

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NOTABLE BOOKS of the WEEK

Autobiographies and Political Reportage

MR. JOHN FARLEIGH'S best known work, as a wood engraver, is possibly the part he played in the production of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *The Black Girl*, in which his illustrations were an integral part, designed in close collaboration with the author, and in no sense an afterthought.

He has called **GRAVEN IMAGE** (Macmillan. 15s.) an autobiographical textbook, and in it he has combined his own story so far—he is still a young man—with technical explanations of his method of wood engraving. These, I suppose, could be skipped by anyone whose interest in this art was unequal to pages of diagrams and graving tools but, since every man when he talks his own "shop" comes alive so vitally, they should not be passed over automatically.

If anything is to be skipped I suggest with deference that it might be some of the mass of letters written to the author by G.B.S. and others. Typical letters of Mr. Shaw's are well worth quoting in full, and his own drawings are, as Mr. Farleigh suggests, praiseworthy, but there is a number of humdrum communications, both from him and from printers and publishers, which only underline the obvious and tend to weigh the book down. That this should happen is a pity, because Mr. Farleigh's own part in the book, both as a writer and an artist, is quite brilliant.

When Pope Pius XI died Sir Hugh Walpole flew off to Rome in order to cable accounts of all the subsequent happenings to a New York newspaper. A sight of that undoubtedly skilled reportage is unfortunately denied to us, but Sir Hugh makes up for it by writing a book about a lot of the things he saw and did and thought about while he was in Rome attending upon those picturesque happenings.

For one thing, he went looking for a fountain. He had seen it, years before, on the occasion of his first visit to that city (to which all good people must some day return) in the company of a Mr. Robert Montmorency, as fruity a Walpolian character as ever cadged a plate of spaghetti. **ROMAN FOUNTAIN** (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.) tells the story of how the fountain refused to materialise from the mirage of memory but how much Sir Hugh enjoyed looking for it.

There were two Popes, and all the lovely luscious stuff of the enshrinement of the living and dead, with just the correct approach to the mysteries suitable to the son of an Anglican Bishop. There were other characters, some of them interesting and amusing, some even instructive, and all described with that life-giving ability which Mr. Norman Douglas has so rightly called the novelist's touch. There were also chance encounters, such as the meeting with Michelangelo in a cinema, in which the author delights to wrap his æsthetic thrills in that kind of descriptive prose which he does so well.

This is a very personal book, and more revealing, though possibly the author had no such intention, than those fragments of autobiography which Sir Hugh Walpole has circulated only among his closest friends. A philosopher has said that man is distinguished from the beasts by virtue of a greater curiosity. Which is not the same thing as a zest for life. Many have that and in abundance. Sir Hugh has it, and to spare.

With **TWELVE LANCES FOR LIBERTY** (Nicholson and Watson. 12s. 6d.) Mr. Ferdinand Tuohy has written a book of the moment and for the moment. His twelve lances are in the hands of twelve of Europe's leaders in the united war effort, and the book is in the form of a dozen intimate, biographical sketches of these men and of their backgrounds, with digressions to cover their equally important colleagues

In this way, in the chapter on M. Daladier, Mr. Tuohy has the following passage: "Yet a portrait of Daladier without Paul Reynaud would be false. The financial and economic *redressement* or pulling together, encompassed by the second, was vital to Daladier's rise to the undisputed top. . . . 'Mickey Mouse' Paul Reynaud, individualistic deputy for the smart Parc Monceau quarter of Paris, requires full recognition here. His will be a distinctive part in the victory, if such it is to be."

One can only congratulate Mr. Tuohy on his judgment, and I think that, as a journalist, one could without offence add luck in including these sentiments in a book which went to press many weeks before the dramatic change in the French Cabinet

It must have been a difficult and delicate matter to select the twelve lances for his purpose, after the obvious choices of Churchill, Gamelin, Gort, and Sikorski, but Mr. Tuohy has made use of discretion as well as insight and, if there are omissions, in one's own view, there remain twelve excellent and timely little biographies, written in Mr. Tuohy's crispest style.

There are two reasons why **MISS SUSIE SLAGLE'S** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) may achieve the eminence of a best-seller: it contains more surgical details than are found outside most hospital record files and it is, at all other moments but these, and sometimes even in these, as I now recall, saturated with the sentiment of which Miss Louisa Alcott was the mistress. There is even a passage, on p. 157, which might have been additional dialogue for Laurie and Amy in their never-to-be-forgotten meeting in Switzerland.

Now, both medical intricacies and sentiment have their points in fiction as thousands of readers will testify, and when these are allied to great technical competence and a good deal of sound sense, the combination is almost unbeatable. This is Miss Augusta Tucker's first novel, and a very remarkable one, with no trace of the neophyte about it.

The scene of the story is the Baltimore of 1910 to 1914, and a boarding house for medical students attending the John Hopkins School. The young men are, for the most part, earnest creatures whose relaxation of drinking spirits between meals and coffee at table under Miss Susie's motherly eye, is not regarded by these American men of medicine as at all harmful to their digestions. For the rest, they work hard and are a pleasant, friendly lot. By a narrow margin, perhaps by their *penchant* for corpses, they escape smugness; you may like them more than I did.

Captain Tom Wintringham's **DEADLOCK WAR** (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.) can roughly be described as a soldier's book for civilians. In it he analyses to-day's position on the Western Front, or, since books cannot have the topicality of newspapers, last month's position there. He discourses on strategy, and the need of a knowledge of strategy by even the most junior officer. He recounts his own experiences in the Spanish civil war, in which he commanded the British battalion of the International Brigade. He recalls the tactics of trench warfare of the last war, and he gives a grim account of the fortifications of the Siegfried and Maginot lines.

In all this Captain Wintringham is readable, and even exciting. It is when he comes to an extremely prejudiced discussion of the Army hierarchy and the "autocratic ruling of the Navy by a number of old men" that readers may find his book not so much provocative as irritating.

At the other and extreme end of the scale comes a Royal biography on the classic model, by Mr. Hans Roger Madol. **THE PRIVATE LIFE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA** (Hutchinson. 18s.) has no mistakes in taste and only one, that I was able to verify, in facts: it is scarcely, in the sense in which biographers have lately accustomed us, a private life at all, but a very gracious and serene rendering of what was evidently a very serene and gracious Royal progress.

The lovely Danish princess, of whom there are some enchanting early photographs showing a great likeness to the Duchess of Kent, was fortunate in having a happy family circle and all her life retained the greatest affection for her Danish home and for her sister Dagmar, the Empress of Russia.

Many stories have been told about the charm of her simple approach to people, a charm which is not always a Royal attribute. Mr. Madol tells many.

Mr. Maurice Hindus has taken as a theme for his new novel the October revolution in Russia, when the Czarist Government fell and the Bolsheviks gained power for the first time. Against this background of violence he plays out the stories of a young man and a girl, who have loved each other from childhood. He is an intellectual, a medical student, and the son of a famous revolutionary who has been exiled in Siberia for many years, to return to Petrograd under Kerensky's regime.

The girl is the daughter of a Czarist colonel who in past years has achieved equal notoriety as the "pacifier" of revolutionary elements. They are devoted to each other, as the girl is to her lover. **SONS AND FATHERS** (Collins. 8s.) tells the story of the young couple, and their struggles to keep their own little world together though it collapses all round them.

There are no half-measures in Mr. Hindus's style, and this book is a forceful, vivid, and convincing piece of writing.

= HEROES ALL =

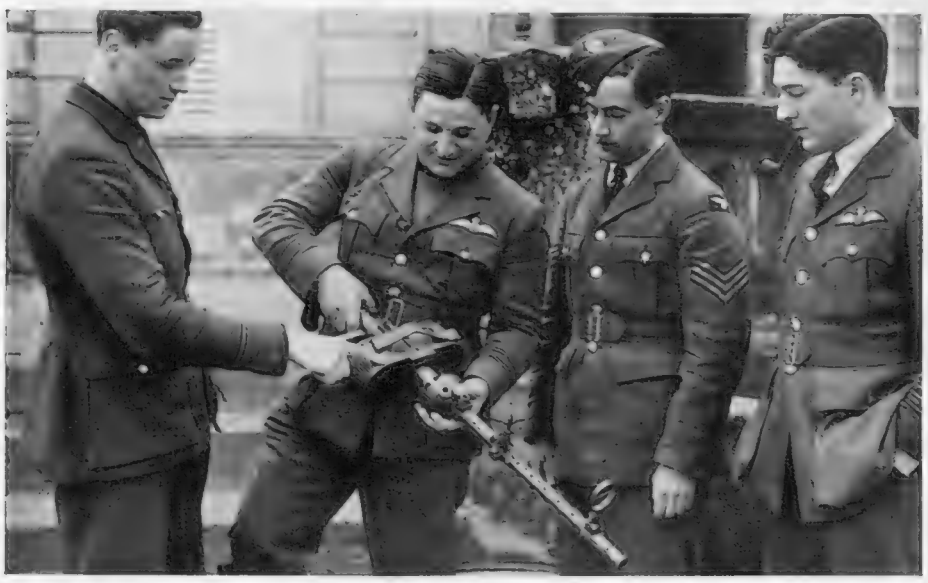
Gallant Deeds by Officers and N.C.O.s of the British Air Force

THE DUNDEE FLYING-OFFICER WHO BROUGHT DOWN A DORNIER

Whilst flying at 19,000 ft., with another aircraft, this officer from Dundee sighted a Dornier flying-boat. After his colleague had first engaged the enemy, the man from Dundee then attacked, and saw the Dornier dive away to 2,000 ft. with one engine out of action. It is thought that the enemy aircraft must have subsequently crashed inside the German frontier

"COBBER" KAIN HAS BEEN IN LONDON ON LEAVE

Flying-Officer Edgar James Kain (whose exploits we detailed last week) has just been in London on leave, where he was received by the High Commissioner for his native New Zealand. Known to all in France as "Cobber," Flying-Officer Kain has been awarded the D.F.C. for bringing down five enemy aircraft—top score, so far, in the war. Here he is seen after lunching at Simpson's during his first days of leave



R.A.F. VANQUISHERS OF THE MUCH-VAUNTED MESSERSCHMITT

In two aerial battles over the Western Front, fighter pilots of the R.A.F. brought down one Messerschmitt 109 in flames, and one Messerschmitt 110 (the latest and best of German fighter craft) was seen to go down with engines ablaze. Another Messerschmitt 110 was shot down out of control. Nine enemy aircraft were contacted in each battle. The squadron concerned is now credited with nine enemy aircraft destroyed and two not verified. In this picture the pilots concerned in these combats are seen with their C.O. (second from the left) discussing the merits of a captured machine-gun. The Flight-Lieutenant on the right brought down the Messerschmitt 110 and the Flying-Officer on the left brought down the Messerschmitt 109

SIX JUNKERS ROUTED BY A SHORT SUNDERLAND FLYING-BOAT

The huge 20-ton Short Sunderlands of the Coastal Command were never intended to be fighter aircraft; nevertheless, one of these, for the first time in this war, a few days ago demonstrated their fighting capabilities by routing no fewer than six German dive-bombers. The Sunderland was on convoy duty when the six Junkers—using eighteen machine-guns as well as bombs—dived to the attack; one was soon shot down by the Sunderland, and a second was forced to land later in Norway where the crew were interned; the other four—apparently not wishing to continue the disastrous aerial battle—soon hurried off. The second pilot and navigator, a youth of nineteen (seen above making up his log after the flight), was slightly wounded, as also was the first pilot

THE R.A.F. CREW WHO LANDED IN GERMANY

These men landed by mistake in enemy territory, demanded to know their whereabouts, and then made off again back to France! Second from the left is the second pilot who, speaking in French, demanded the necessary information from the Germans encountered in the forced landing

THE MEN WHO FLY OVER GERMANY AT WILL

This is the crew of a British bomber which had just returned from a leaflet raid over Prague, Vienna and Greater Germany. All the men are non-commissioned officers of the R.A.F.; and, when this picture was taken, they had just done a spell of duty in the air lasting for over nine hours

A TUNEFUL MUSICAL COMEDY ON TRADITIONAL LINES AT THE NEW THEATRE

The band of Silver Grey Mounties in *The Silver Patrol* at the New Theatre is an effective ingredient in this colourful production. Mr. Percy Heming, who has sung to us so pleasantly in *Lilac Time*, is standing here in the centre of the doorway with his Silver Patrol lined up in front of him. In the background are the mountains of the imaginary Central American country of Perada

DRAMA: Philip Page Discusses Four New Plays

TWO PRINCIPALS IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE NEW THEATRE

Gene Gerrard and Davina Griffiths sing a song entitled "It's the Atmosphere," a tuneful number characteristic of this bandit and posada musical comedy

THE contrast between the doldrums into which London's theatrical ship had, perforce, sailed seven months ago and its merry voyaging to-day is striking indeed. April opened with eight new productions scheduled for the first fortnight, with only one revival among them. Four of these, with which I propose to deal in this article, have, as I write, been successfully, and in one case triumphantly, launched. And it is not only a matter of quantity; the quality of the productions is vastly improved and the tripish revues, whose sole virtue was that they did not pretend to be other than tripish, seem to have disappeared completely.

Of the aforesaid quartet, two are serious plays, one a sentimental comedy of unmistakable charm, and the other a bit of sheer nonsense which justifies itself by being very funny nonsense.

Not a bad week's bag. The pick of it is, I think, the comedy *Jeannie* at Wyndham's, which is as Scots and as lovable and as pawky and all the rest of it as anything Barrie ever wrote (with just a touch of *Bunty Pulls the Strings*); with ordinary luck it should keep this theatre busy for a long, long time. Indeed, it should tie with *The Light of Heart* for the first place among war-time successes.

Here is a simple yarn about a young girl who is left a small legacy by her dour and grim father, for whom she had toiled in some small town in Scotland. She has never seen anything of the so-called great world and its gaiety, so she decides to go to Vienna. The period is somewhere between 1918 and 1939, so why she chose Vienna for gaiety, Jeannie (or, rather, Miss Aimée Stuart, the author of the play) alone knows. However, she did hear "The Blue Danube" played—and very well, too, by Mr. Albert Cazabon's orchestra—and went to restaurants and the opera and bought some pretty frocks and was squired by a penniless Austrian count and had to pay her own expenses and his.

So the money soon went and she had to return to drudgery in Glasgow, from which she was rescued by means of marriage with a nice Yorkshire business man, who had seen something of her in Vienna and would have seen more had it not been for (*a*) her temporary preference for the count and (*b*) his temporary preference for a striking and glamorous blonde.

Miss Barbara Mullen (Jeannie) is as charming as the play and possibly more so. She also has enormous natural talent, backed up by technique in plenty. Mr. Eric Portman was nice and sound and sensible as the Yorkshireman and Miss Tatiana Lieven was duly slinky and glamorous as the blonde.

"Rebecca."—Miss Daphne Du Maurier has made a good job of dramatising her "best-seller" novel, *Rebecca*, whose success as a play, at the Queen's Theatre, does not seem to be in much doubt. It is melodramatic, which it could hardly help being, and at times a trifle verbose, particularly in the matter of the nasty old housekeeper (played by Miss Margaret Rutherford), who is made to talk to her mistress at vast length in a way that would have earned her the sack on the spot if she had tried it on for five seconds.

Miss Celia Johnson's performance as that young second wife, who was made to feel so uncomfortable in the house of her predecessor, the foul and justly-murdered Rebecca, was quite lovely—so natural and yet so subtle. Mr. Owen Nares has a highly emotional part as the husband who was a murderer yet not a villain, and Mr. Ronald Ward gives a perfect sketch of the complete and utter cad.

"A House in the Square."—Like *Rebecca*, this play, which looks like bringing a slice of luck to the St. Martin's Theatre, takes place in one room of an aristocratic mansion. But very different things occur in

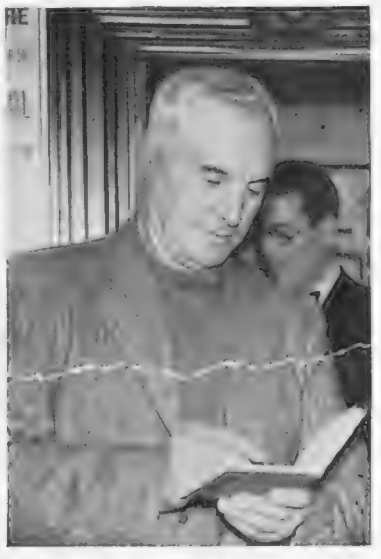
PEGGY ASHCROFT MAKES A PICTURESQUE FIGURE AT THE GLOBE

Dinah is wearing the dress her grandmother wore at Balmoral Castle, sent to her as a twenty-first birthday present. She gets engaged on her coming of age to the son of Cousin Muriel, her father's cousin and housekeeper. Edith Evans as Cousin Muriel, the cheery, charming woman with the crooked mind, is the central figure in Clemence Dane's big success at the Globe

EDITH EVANS AS THE VERY COMPLEX WOMAN IN "COUSIN MURIEL" AT THE GLOBE

RONALD FRANKAU'S NEW REVUE AT THE DUCHESS THEATRE: This scene from *Beyond Compère*, Ronald Frankau's new revue, includes Violet Young, Connie Line, Ruth Parkin, Babs Evelyn, Desideria Russell, Gerry Fitzgerald, Lisa d'Esterre, Marie Louise and June Richmond

SCENES FROM
LONDON PLAYS
Running at the New, Globe, Duchess and Wyndham's



PAT MULLEN, HERO OF "MAN OF ARRAN" FILM, attended at the first night of *Jeannie*, as presented at Wyndham's. His daughter Barbara, who has had an adventurous career in an American speakeasy, gives an extraordinarily life-like characterisation of a Scottish girl spending £200 on a holiday in Vienna

FILM: Scarlett O'Hara Comes to Town Next Week

VIVIEN LEIGH AS SCARLETT O'HARA PRESENTED IN LONDON NEXT WEEK The long-awaited film from *Gone with the Wind*, the enormously popular novel of the American War, appears on April 18. Miss Leigh is partly Irish

this one room, and they are spread over thirty years instead of a few weeks. And there is no talk of murder, though there is violence in plenty, from the suffragette arson of the Edwardian era, through the 1914–18 War, right up to the present war, with Left Wing pacifist violence just to make it even more exciting. Besides, if one is to have a chronicle play at all, one might as well have a trace of wars-to-end-all-war in it.

Several characters last through the thirty years—Miss Lillian Braithwaite, as the witty, tyrannical and wholly attractive Lady Mountstephan; Miss Margaret Rawlings, as her daughter, a militant suffragette who thinks better of it; Miss Marian Spencer, as an even more militant suffragette who never does think better of it and wants to go on burning houses down years after she had been given a vote; and Mr. Michael Shepley, as a faithful and amiable friend of the family who is fond of cricket and a real good sort (Mr. Shepley always seems to play good sorts who are fond of cricket—and they are always jolly well played, sir !).

These are four thoroughly interesting people and four equally interesting performances. But that does not exhaust the virtues of Miss Diana Morgan's play nor of its cast. She has a somewhat thin shred of a story, but it is a sufficient peg for romantic happenings and intelligent talk about matters of moment, and she has infused some humour into it. And although Mr. Stewart Granger, Miss Janet Johnson, and the supremely pretty Miss Iris March have comparatively few opportunities, they make the most of them with much cleverness.

"Good Men Sleep at Home."—Good men are rare, whatever and wherever their sleeping quarters. So are good farces. Mr. Walter Ellis wrote a good one five-and-twenty years ago in *A Little Bit of Fluff*, which certainly did amuse the troops and lots of other people too. *Good Men Sleep at Home* is just as good, if not better, and will, I've no doubt, also amuse its thousands, and its tens of thousands, as heartily, I hope, as it amused me.

It is the usual story of a husband suspected of infidelity by a jealous wife, of lies and still more lies, of a radiant film-star and an equally radiant girl novelist to pile up the jealousy. There is also a comic Italian road-house proprietor, a comically pompous doctor, a comic man with a cleft palate and a comic blackmailer—and when I deal out that word comic so lavishly I mean it every time. In fact, the whole thing is very, very comic, and no better company could have been found for exploiting its comicality, prominent members being Mr. Hugh Wakefield, Mr. Mackenzie Ward, Mr. Anthony Holles, Mr. Philip King and Miss Olga Lindo.

SHOWS TO SEE

Aldwych: *Nap Hand.* Ralph Lynn, Bertha Belmore.

Globe: *Cousin Muriel.* Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft.

Hippodrome: *Black Velvet.* Vic Oliver.

Princes: *Shepherd's Pie.* Sydney Howard, Arthur Riscoe.

Savoy: *Lights Up.* Evelyn Laye, Clifford Mollison.

Shaftesbury: *Good Men Sleep at Home.* Hugh Wakefield, Olga Lindo.

SCARLETT O'HARA ON THE PORCH AT TARA WITH THE TARLETON TWINS, WHO HAD JUST BEEN EXPELLED FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA: "It doesn't matter much. We'd have had to come home before the term was out, anyway. Why? The war!—The war's going to start any day, and you don't suppose any of us would stay in college with a war going on, do you?"

RHETT POINTS OUT THE STRENGTH OF THE NORTH TO UNRECEPTIVE SOUTHERN EARS: "Have any of you gentlemen ever thought that there's not a cannon factory south of the Mason-Dixon line? Or how few iron factories there are in the South? Have you thought that we would not have a single warship and that the Yankee fleet could bottle you up in a week"

CHARLES HAMILTON PROPOSES TO SCARLETT AFTER SHE HAS HEARD OF ASHLEY'S ENGAGEMENT TO MELANIE: "Will you wait for me, Miss Scarlett? It would be Heaven just knowing that you were waiting for me until after we licked them." "I wouldn't want to wait," she said

SCARLETT'S WEDDING DAY: "It was all very dreamlike the passage through the aisle of smiling people, Charles' scarlet face and stammering voice, and her own replies, so startlingly clear, so cold. And the congratulations afterwards, and the kissing and the toasts and the dancing—all, all like a dream"

"MRS. CHARLES HAMILTON—ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS—IN GOLD": Then she was on the floor and Rhett Butler was advancing towards her through the aisle of the crowd, that nasty mocking smile on his face. She was going to dance again—A dramatic incident at Atlanta

SCARLETT AND MELANIE WAITING TO HEAR NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG: "I came to tell you ladies," said Rhett, "that I have been to head-quarters and the first casualty lists are coming in. The lists have been sent to both newspapers"

SCARLETT SEEKS DR. MEADE TO TELL HIM THAT MELANIE WAS EXPECTING HER BABY: Wounded men were pouring into the hospital, retreating before General Sherman. "It's Melanie—the baby, doctor, you must come." "A baby? . . . are you crazy? I can't leave these men. They are dying, hundreds of them . . ."

SCENES FROM
"GONE WITH THE WIND"
To appear at three theatres

ATLANTA IN FLAMES. THE BURNING OF AMMUNITION TRAINS: As the Confederate troops retreated the hideous red glow of the sky penetrated everywhere. "Another deafening explosion tore the air and a monstrous sky-rocket of flame and smoke shot up in the west"

THE "QUEEN MARY" SAYS GOOD-BYE TO MANHATTAN: With lower New York in the background, the giant liner, sharply silhouetted against the early morning sunlight, sailed on her unannounced mission on March 21. Painted a dull grey, she slowly and silently steamed down the river and was lost to view in the morning mists of the Atlantic

PASSING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY: With a very few dock workers to cheer her and two or three tugs escorting her the *Queen Mary* steamed down New York Bay. The Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island are visible in the background

DEPARTURE IN A RAINSTORM: On the night of March 20, with heavy rain slashing the waters of the Hudson River, the *Mauretania* left New York, also bound for an unknown destination. She is seen slowly backing out of Pier 56

IN THE PANAMA CANAL: With a gun plainly visible on her stern, the *Mauretania* later passed through the Panama Canal. The giant liner sailed in the direction of Honolulu, a fact which led Americans to believe that she was probably bound for Australia and New Zealand

HUNTING THE OPEN GARAGE

Finding Accommodation for the Car at Night

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

ON more than one occasion I have made reference in these notes to a body known as the Motor Trade War Executive. The retail motor traders of this country, numbering approximately 16,000, are represented by this organisation, and their interests are being energetically looked after and directed by Mr. Dudley H. Noble, who is styled the Public Relations Officer. I have known Mr. Noble for over twenty years, and all that time he has been connected with motoring and is a practical motorist himself, so that I hope he will agree with the suggestion I make.

First of all, the Motor Trade War Executive have appealed to the private motorist to carry on motoring wherever possible and not to worry too much about the cost. Well, car owners have definitely given the Executive a very satisfactory answer for I do not think there is any doubt whatever that there are a very satisfactory number of cars on the road when the difficult conditions are considered. I now think it is the turn of the retail motor trader to do his part and to go out of his way to help those of us private motorists who are carrying on and thereby helping to keep the motor trade alive.

I frequently have to pay visits to London, and am forced to return to my home in Hampshire during the black-out hours. With the present 20 m.p.h. speed limit in built-up areas in force I greatly dislike the drive from the centre of London to the outskirts of the Metropolitan area. Actually, I prefer to stay the night in an hotel, but this becomes expensive if the visits are frequent. What I would like to do would be to garage my car close to one of the important stations between Haslemere and London or near to a station anywhere on the south-western outskirts of the County of London.

I have tried to discover a garage which remains open even up to 11 p.m., but I have failed. It is quite possible that there is one available, but I am unable to find it. I suggest, therefore, that the Motor Trade War Executive should make public a list of garages which remain open during the night or part of it and which are situated close to a railway station.

If, as I rather expect, no garages out of London are available in these circumstances, the motor trade should endeavour to convince some of their members that a little enterprise in this direction would help motorists to keep on motoring.

Here is another suggestion which perhaps Mr. Noble would consider, although I have mentioned it previously. Let those garages and petrol stations which are open anywhere in the country after dark display in such a manner as can be easily seen, a distinct illuminated sign so that motorists in need of petrol or service can pick out the premises. Needless to say, I am not suggesting a brilliant neon sign which would obviously be against the regulations but rather a distinctly coloured lamp or combination of lamps that would soon become the recognised symbol of an open garage.

Bound up with this suggestion is the further one that the petrol pump or pumps should be capable of being identified immediately a car draws up for replenishment. In these times it is perfectly ridiculous to continue to display the pre-war globes denoting Shell, Esso, B.P., etc. These should all be removed and one with the word "Pool" substituted and placed only on whichever pump or pumps are in service.

The Motor Legislation Committee which represents all branches of the Motor Industry as well as the R.A.C. and the A.A. are, or have been, making further attempts to induce the Chancellor of the Exchequer to reduce the rate on which car licensing fees are based. If they cannot get a reduction in the case of all cars, they are suggesting that all those over three years old should be more favourably treated. On the other hand, rumours are floating around that the rate will be increased from 25s. per horse power to 30s.

We all know that the money necessary for running the war has to be found, but it is definitely unfair to expect a section of the community which is not necessarily blessed with a superabundance of cash to shoulder an outrageously excessive share of the burden.

The Government, like many magistrates, appear to forget that a very large proportion of the people who own motor cars are working folk earning a weekly wage. They use their cars to get to and from their work and many of them travel extraordinary distances each day for this purpose.

Perhaps they have an old-established home which quite naturally they do not wish to give up, but in most cases they are forced to find living accommodation miles away from their work because there is none available nearer the factory. These unfortunate people, who incidentally get very little time for pleasure motoring, feel the present heavy taxation on a car in a very realistic manner and if their transport costs become more expensive serious consequences are bound to result.

We are told, and rightly so, that the level of our exports must at least be kept as in peace-time or, better still, raised. Now that the German motor industry has had many of its markets cut off by the British Navy, a wonderful opportunity presents itself to our motor manufacturers to step in where the enemy has retreated. Obviously, there is little hope for them to capture these foreign markets if the price of their cars is greatly in excess of those that can even now compete with them. The only way that our motor industry can do this is by maintaining their production figures, which means selling a goodly number of vehicles in the home market. To ensure this, motor taxation must be kept within bounds. The only other alternative is for the Government to subsidise car exports; but, of course, in this way they would merely be handing out what they took from the home motorist in extra taxation.

It was announced some time ago by the Ministry of Transport that no further National Service licences—the war-time substitute for the ordinary driving licence—will be issued. Further, that present holders of such licences, estimated at 50,000, will be required to undergo the official driving test.

When this announcement was made originally, it was stated that if the holder of a National Service licence failed in his test the licence would cease to be valid after February 12. In view of the fact that this date has long since passed and that no further action has been taken by the authorities, the R.A.C. has ascertained that no definite date has yet been decided upon when the National Service licence shall cease to be legal, but that an announcement will be made in due course. In the meantime, holders of such licences are urged by the R.A.C. to take the driving test at the earliest possible moment.

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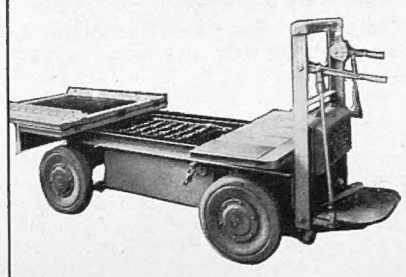

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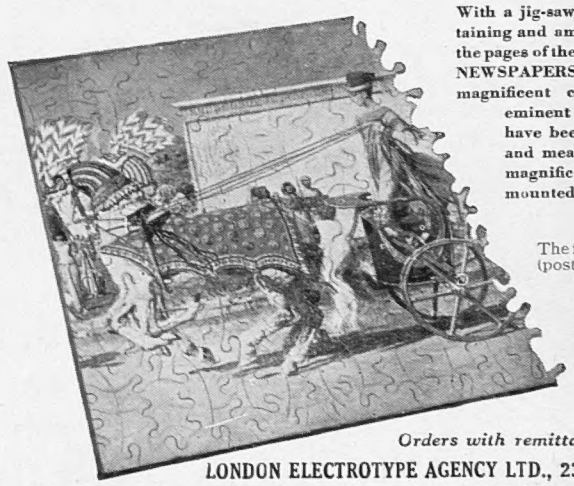

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

The Moral of the Hotels David and Goliath

THE analogy is not entirely correct, for the two hotels in question were on different parts of the coast. But by virtue of the fact that all hotels compete for public patronage there were grounds for my calling the first Goliath and the second David.

I came to Hotel Goliath one Friday evening. Neither its name nor its position on the coast must be disclosed, for its name was not uncommon and one is apprehensive of the law of libel.

Hotel Goliath described itself as the "leading" hotel. One felt that other hotels in the same resort had a good case for slander, for its only claim to leading lay along the road to ruin.

I arrived by train in the early evening. March was giving proof of her ability to depart like a lion. One anticipated on arrival warmth and a welcome. Both were conspicuous by their absence. One's disappointment was the greater because the hotel looked warm and inviting from without. The lounge rooms and entrance hall were attractive, but it was soon obvious that all other four-star attributes had long since departed.

There was no form of heating in my bedroom. True, there was a fireplace which attempted to be decorative with its frilled paper and sooty face. On making inquiries, an electric heater was found with some difficulty and placed in my room. There was only one thing wrong with that heater—it did not work.

To warm myself after a long cold journey I repaired to the cocktail bar. Though the decorative treatment and lay-out had possibilities, its dirty paintwork told its own story—neglect.

If the 6s. dinner was a criterion of every night it only served to fan the flames of that now latent criticism against British hotels. For the service was lamentable. And what was served was worse. Toast, condiments, napkin and fork all had to be asked for, and more than once.

And so one went to bed wondering how on earth this Hotel Goliath could still be classified as four-star, which in the words of the Automobile Association Handbook denote: "Luxurious hotels with well-furnished rooms of good size, providing a high standard of comfort and modern amenities."

In the same resort were at least five other hotels classified three-star, which in comparison with the Hotel Goliath were paradise.

Two days after, I came to my Hotel David, yet without any stars (for you will not find it in the A.A. 1939–40 handbook), it shines in cleanliness, efficient service and in the quality of the food served.

I am glad to publicise its name for there is as yet no law against well-merited praise. My Hotel David is The Mulberry at Goring-by-Sea. I question whether The Mulberry has more than six letting bedrooms, but rarely are they unoccupied. Fitted basins are spotless, the water hot, and the rooms snug with their central heating, bedside lamps and colourful surrounds.

I went to this Hotel David for lunch. I had to wait for a table. Yet the service was in no way flurried and I had a 3s. lunch which was a feast compared with the so-called dinner at the four-star Hotel Goliath.

There is a moral to be drawn from one's experiences of these Goliath and David Hotels. Things are not always what they seem in print or in appearance.

Far be it from me to suggest that I am always correct in my deductions, but it is only by personal visits and by regular revisits that one can label British hotels, irrespective of their size and their appeal, good, bad, and, just in one or two rare instances, superlative.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

F. C., Stansted.—The more I read your letter of the 31st the more I am convinced that the hotel you are looking for is the Sandy Cove Hotel, Berrynarbor Bay, near Ilfracombe. You can get here all you ask for—first-class accommodation, good bathing and not too near a large town, though I am not quite sure about the facilities for tennis.

G. C., Hermitage.—I am pretty certain that the choice narrows down to one of the two following hotels. The Headland Hotel, Newquay. Although it is a large hotel it is quite free and easy in holiday time, and there is no need to dress in war-time. Treglos Hotel, Constantine Bay, which is next door to the Trevose Links. This is an exceedingly good hotel, and I should think my same remarks about dressing apply there.

E. J. M., S.W.15.—The only place I know likely to suit you would be the Queens Farm at Churcham, near Gloucester. It is about three miles the other side of Gloucester on the Ross road. It is a very pretty little place and Mrs. F. E. Vining is a great cook.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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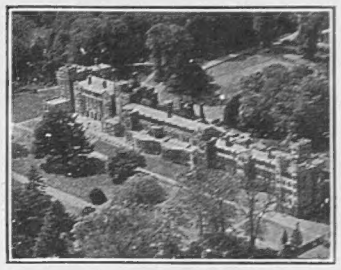

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Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
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Chichester.—The Ship Hotel. Tel. 2028.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
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Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest House
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